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When a Kittypet Comes to Town

RUSTY
I walked into the large clearing with Bluestar and Lionheart on either side of me. *Gosh,* I thought, *I've never seen this many cats in my life.*

As Bluestar walked up to a rock above the ground, she yowled, "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the highrock for a clan meeting," cats shuffled out of openings in underbrush and holes in trees.

"Today, I have found a cat from outside of this Clan that is willing to join ThunderClan. As you can see-"

"Bluestar, what is a kittypet doing in our camp? Is he the cat you're talking about? If so, I must say, you've lost your mind," a striped tabby asked.

While the two continued arguing about my legibility to join the clan, Lionheart whispered to me, "That cat is Longtail. Will you not take a challenge?" Lionheart's words and Longtail's rude remarks about my heritage lit me up, and I charged at him.

Distracted by his conversation with Bluestar, Longtail was taken by surprise, and rolled over as I tackled him to the ground. I slashed and clawed, but I was thrown off with my lack of training and his skill and strength.

He raced over to me, but I managed to dodge underneath him, jump on his back, and slash a claw across his ear. I immediately heard him yowl in pain.

In his rage of having his ear torn off, he turned and leaped on me. His jaws opened and shot at my throat, and I prepared for the worst. However, none came. All I felt was a strain around my neck.

He's trying to choke me with my own collar! I have to resist! I tried and pulled, but nothing would worked. I was doomed for sure.

SANDPAW
The ginger-orange cat was struggling to breathe. While I had no respect for the kittypet, I still didn't want any cat to die in my sight. However, as I prepared to step forward, Dustpaw's tail shot out and blocked my way. "Don't try to help him," he meowed, "Bluestar said she wanted to see how well he could stand up to a warrior."

Again, as much as I wanted to see this kittypet out of our territory, I also wanted him to beat up Longtail. That cat was a jerk.

Suddenly, a snap came from where the two were fighting. The kittypet's collar was lying on the ground, snapped in two pieces. "This cat has lost it's collar in a battle for his honor. StarClan has spoken it's approval. This cat will join ThunderClan."

A series of yowls of mixed congratulations and arguments erupted at those words. Bluestar motioned with her tail for all cats to quiet down.

"I understand that your kittypet name was Rusty. However, since you are part of ThunderClan now, your name must be changed. From this moment on, until your earn your warrior name, you will be known as Firepaw, hence your flame-colored coat."

"Firepaw! Firepaw!" Some of the cats yowled. I only whispered it so that Dustpaw wouldn't hear me. Others glared at Bluestar and Firepaw.

"Since most warriors already have an apprentice, and Firepaw will be difficult to train, I will be his mentor," Bluestar announced.

Great, I thought. *That means we'll be training together often, since Bluestar and Whitestorm are so close.*

"I can't believe that Bluestar just let a kittypet join our clan," Dustpaw mewed. I stopped listening to him after he said that. I was thinking. While this....Firepaw was a kittypet, he did have a good fighting technique, along with strong will and something else. Good

looks, perhaps? I couldn't be sure. *Why am I falling in love with this nuisance? I love Dustpaw, and this cat is a kittypet.* To my slight disappointment, when he saw Spottedleaf, his eyes seemed to light up, and his ear tips turned a very slight shade of red.

After Firepaw took his gaze away from Spottedleaf, he walked over to Graypaw. They had a quick conversation and walked around the clearing, Graypaw presumably showing Firepaw around the camp.

I walked back to the apprentice den with Dustpaw at my side, our tails loosely intwined together. Dustpaw, despite my best efforts to keep it hidden, asked me, "Sandpaw, you seem distracted. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," I snapped. Dustpaw was taken aback by my harsh tone. "Just leave me alone." I let go of his tail and walked back to my nest. I needed to think. Alone.

Why is Firepaw distracting me? I can't love him, I'm supposed to love Dustpaw! I can't let anyone know. Not even Whitestorm or Bluestar.

FIREPAW
Graypaw was showing me around the camp. I was disappointed when Spottedleaf turned her gaze from mine to check on Longtail. Although she turned away, I continued trying to catch glances at her.

"Firepaw. Earth to Firepaw."

"Oh sorry, Graypaw." I Must have spaced out on the light grey tom.

"You seemed distracted. Are you okay?"

"Yeah." No. Absolutely not.

"You want to catch up on some sleep?" He asked.

"Yeah, thanks," I mewed. I shifted my gaze from Spottedleaf to the apprentice's den.

"Okay. It's just that you seemed focused on looking at—"

"I'm not in the mood for talking about my personal interests Graypaw. Please just let me get some rest." I walked away from a shocked Graypaw and towards the apprentice's den. I also seemed shocked at my quiet yet forceful outburst. I normally wasn't like this.

I walked into the den to find Sandpaw whispering to herself about something with hunting and patrols. She had here back to me and obviously hadn't acknowledged my presence, or so I thought.

"Can you please stop staring and asking yourself what you think I'm talking about?" The pale-ginger she-cat turned he head to face him.

"S-Sorry," I meowed. I lay down in my nest, and tried to close my eyes. I was wondering how Sandpaw knew exactly what I was doing when she blurted out:

"If you can calm down your snoring, *kittypet,* that would be greatly appreciated."

"I'll try my best," I replied with a bit of sarcasm.

Again, I closed my eyes and drifted off into a sleep.

Well, there we are! My first chapter of a great FirexSand story! I will continue this story based on how many people want to see more. Don't for get to review! Help is appreciated.
Maple

Nights Thoughts

I know this is kind of off topic, but I've done my research and I've found out that all of the people that supposedly loved Fireheart were related. Spottedleaf was Sandstorms aunt, and Cinderpelt's cousin was Sandstorm.

FIREPAW
I woke up in a grassy plain. *Where am I?* I thought. *This doesn't seem like any part of the territory I've seen.* I was correct.

I saw a cat caught in a blazing storm of fire. I tried to move my paws to help this mysterious cat, but found that I couldn't. Suddenly, the cat turned and leapt into the blazing embers. A voice whispered in my head, *Remember Firepaw. Fire alone can save our clan.* The voice seemed oddly familiar, yet I couldn't quite place it.

I blinked, and I opened my eyes to complete darkness.

Wait a second! This isn't darkness! This is the edge of the den!

Thank goodness I had finally woken up. Dreaming all the sudden scares me. It's weird. I knew I was dreaming, but it just seemed so, *real*.

"Couldn't sleep either?" A cat mewed next to me.

Wait.

Sandpaw?

"No. Did I wake you up?" I asked

"What do you think, *kittypet*, of course you didn't. I was the one who asked you if you couldn't sleep."

"Why couldn't you?" I asked cautiously.

"All questions now, are we?" Sandpaw replied.

"No I was just wondering and trying to be friend—"

"I have enough friends, and I certainly don't want *you* of all cats in this clan to be one."

"Just asking," I murmured.

I stood up and walked out of the den, into the middle of the clearing, trying to let Sandpaw get some rest, even if it meant me staying up some time longer.

"I can sleep even with you here, ya know," Sandpaw called across the clearing.

Okay, this is creepy. This is the third time she's read my thoughts almost perfectly. I would ask her to talk about it, but knowing her and her hostile state towards me, I decided against it.

"Thanks," I said.

"Shut up. Go to sleep." Quite a mean reply for a presentation of gratitude.

I closed my eyes, and eventually sleep overcame me.

I woke up in a grassy plain, just like earlier tonight.

"What are *you* doing here?"

"Sandpaw?"

"Yeah."

"If you two would quit the chattering, I could talk to you," a cat spoke from behind us.

"Dad?!" Sandpaw mewed.

"Yes. I assume you know who I am, Firepaw?" the cat asked.

"Yes. You are Redtail." The tortoiseshell cat sat on a small rock over looking us.

"Come up here, both of you, so that I can talk to you." Redtail called from above. Sandpaw and I walked up the hill towards him, and sat down comfortably.

"You both have a lot of questions, however, I am not able to answer those, for we do not have time," Redtail began, "But I can tell you things that need to happen. Firepaw, you will soon be accepted my many other clan mates, regarding your heritage, but beware of an enemy that seems to have no end."

I sat, confused, as Redtail continued, "Sandpaw, you will face a choice that is hard to make, and will come close to the end. However, Firepaw will save you. Also, you need to follow your heart."

I kept on paying attention, oblivious to the side-long glances that Redtail was giving me, as well as Sandpaw's slightly pink shaded ear tips.

"Both of you have bright futures ahead of you, and make sure to strive to do what's best for the clan." Redtail started to fade away, and Sandpaw started to cry.

I woke up to Sandpaw still crying. Amazingly, it seemed to sill be about 30 minutes before dawn, so I padded over to Sandpaw to comfort her.

"You didn't have that dream, did you? The one where Redtail talked to us?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"You're crying because you want him back and you're scared of something."

"Well, you seemed to have gotten smarter overnight. Who gave you that wisdom?"

"Your father," I replied simply. Sandpaw started crying a little more loudly.

"I'm sorry," I said, "I didn't mean to say anything about him." I

slowly wrapped my tail around her body, laying it gingerly on her back so that she could move away if she wanted to move away. Surprisingly, she moved closer to me and buried her muzzle in my neck fur.

SANDPAW
I felt Firepaw lay his tail on my back gingerly, and I took him by surprise by moving in closer to him for warmth and comfort and buried my muzzle into his neck fur.

"There there," he said, "You'll be fine. Redtail is always watching over you."

Suddenly, Graypaw began to stir, so Firepaw moved away from me quickly. I tried to dry my tears up as best I could, and look at Firepaw with a grateful look.

"Wha—" Graypaw started. I looked up and saw it was apparently dawn. I got up, gave Firepaw another grateful glance, and headed out to hunt, as well as to show no sign that I had been that close to Firepaw a minute ago.

As I walked through the forest trying to pick up a scent of prey, I kept thinking, *What hard decision will I have to make? What did dad mean by ' you will come close to the end '? When will be Firepaw save me? And a should I really follow my heart to, to Firepaw?*

As the last question crossed itself through my mind, I picked up the scent of vole. *Is this a sign from StarClan? A vole* is *Firepaw's favorite.* I would catch it and bring it back to share with him, but seeing as I've been acting really hostile to him, that probably wouldn't be the best idea.

You know what? I'm just gonna bring this to him and say that it's a thank you gift, for what he did for me last night.

I padded back towards camp, images of what my encounter what Firepaw looked like.

There we are! Hope you enjoyed it! If you like this story, please vote for it, and don't forget to comment any concerns, issues,

or grammar mistakes I may have. Thanks!
Maple

Thanks, I Guess.

I so sorry for not updating in a while! A lot has been going on, with my nephew's second birthday and Christmas. Happy new year to all of you!
SANDPAW
I walked into the apprentice den to Graypaw and Ravenpaw chatting, and Firepaw snoring his head off. I walked over to Firepaw and nudged him awake, set the vole down in front of him, and left. I wanted Whitestorm to see me ready to go to a border patrol. I could feel Graypaw and Ravenpaw's gazes of confusion burning my back. I wonder what Whitestorm has planned in store for me.

FIREPAW
I awoke to a gentle nudge, and turned over in my nest. "Thank you," a cat whispered in my ear. A few minutes later a cat next to me snorted.

"Uhhhhhhh, Firepaw?" Graypaw questioned.

"Yes— Oh! Thanks Graypaw!" I was looking down at a vole.

"So, about that vole, um, I didn't get it for you." He stated.

"Then who did?" Graypaw and Ravenpaw started laughing their muzzles off. "What's so funny?"

"You wouldn't believe who got it for you," Ravenpaw said between laughing.

"Sandpaw!" Graypaw finally answered. He was surprised when I didn't react surprised.

"So?" I finally added. Graypaw and Ravenpaw just stared at me with blank gazes.

"So?!" Ravenpaw stated, "Aren't you and Sandpaw, like, enemies?" I

shrugged at his question.

Graypaw and Ravenpaw just snorted as I went down to take a bite out of my vole. *If that was Sandpaw, then that must have been her saying thank you. Was that a thank you for what I did last night? Hmmmm.*

I got up and padded over to Bluestar's den.

"Bluestar?" I asked, tentatively walking into the den in case I disturbed her.

"Yes, Firepaw?"

"I was wondering if we could go out today," I started. I then noticed she wasn't in the best of moods, "Perhaps we should join Sandpaw and Whitestorm? It may take your mind off... whatever you're thinking about."

Bluestar looked at me with thoughtful eyes, "Very well." She got up and walked past me, "I never knew you were so wise, but thanks for the suggestion anyways."

I mumbled, "I *have* been pretty wise, I guess. First Sandpaw and now—"

"Wha—"

"Nothing", I quickly added.

We walked through the thorn-barrier entrance, trying to pick up on Whitestorm and Sandpaw's scent. While walking towards the Shadowclan border, we started to smell their scents.

Bluestar and I started to speed up to catch up to them.

"What should I do about the dream?" A female voice said. I immediately froze. Sandpaw was telling Whitestorm about our dream?

"I would ask Firepaw for his opinion on exactly what Redtail said, at least the part about following your heart to him." Whitestorm

added.

Bluestar looked at me with a questionable gaze. I ignored it and stared straight ahead. *Sandpaw following her heart to me? But that would mean—, no. That's impossible! She hates me! But does she really? Is that aggression just for show? Hmmmmm.*

Sorry for such a short chapter! I was going to write more, but that last 'hmmmm' felt like it would be a really nice ending note.
I feel like doing one of those things where I ask you a question and you all respond to it. It may vary in topic:
How old do you guys think I am? And How tall?
Respond to that if you would like to, it's not mandatory. If you do, put it in the comment section, so I can hand out cookies to each person.
Don't forget to review. I will respond to as many as I can.
Maple

Why would you do that?

Hey guys!
Sorry for taking so long again!
For all of you who didn't answer in the comments, I am 13 and 5'0. For all of you who guess correctly, here you go!
(::)
FIREPAW
Bluestar and I walked out of where we were, interrupting Sandpaw talking to Whitestorm.
"Hello you two," Bluestar started, "I see you've been.... conversing with each other for awhile."

"We have Bluestar. I apologize for not continuing our patrol." Whitestorm responded.

"There is no need. We came to join you on your patrol. Firepaw here said it would relieve me of my stress for the present time being. I've never seen a apprentice so wise." Bluestar declared while gazing proudly at me.

We continued walking along the Shadowclan border. Whitestorm dropped back from Bluestar and Sandpaw to talk to me.

"How much of that did you hear?" He asked.

"The last part. What were you talking about when you said that she should talk to me?" Whitestorm laughed.

"I'm afraid that is not for me to tell you, little one. You should go and talk to Sandpaw about that. She may tell you what that was about." I thanked Whitestorm and started walking up to Sandpaw, Bluestar had dropped back further to talk with her nephew, so Sandpaw was technically leading the patrol.

"I'm not gonna answer that question, Firepaw." She stated. This made my brain stop working for a few moments.

"Okay, how can you tell what I'm thinking?" I said, "You've done that four times now. Can you read minds?"

Sandpaw stopped, puzzled, and cocked her head in concentration, " I don't really know. I guess it just comes to me naturally. I can't control it, just whenever you're thinking about something that concerns me, I seem to be able to tell what your thinking."

I got an idea just then: "Do you think we should ask Redtail about it?" She immediately froze in her tracks and bent her head, "I'm so sorry!" I blurted out, "I didn't mean to mention him like that."

"I-it's fine. I'll have to learn to deal with it." Sandpaw dropped back by Bluestar and Whitestorm, leaving me to lead the patrol. I continued heading along the Shadowclan border, trying to find out how I could talk to Redtail, or any StarClan cat for that matter, about these 'mind-reading powers'. I wonder is Sandpaw could teach me how to do it.

SANDPAW
"I find it amusing that while my apprentice can be so wise, he was completely oblivious to what you were talking about", Bluestar told me, "I heard you ask Whitestorm did you should really follow your heart to Firepaw."

"Really?" I replied. I didn't see her or Firepaw when I was talking to Whitestorm.

"Yes. If he doesn't stop being oblivious to that, I'd either continue as you are, keeping your secret, divide a plan to make him notice and love you back, or just plain out tell him how you feel."

"Hmmmmmmm. I don't know. Let me sleep on it." I mewed.

"Will do."

With that, we returned to camp, all of us exhausted from our patrol, "Firepaw, Sandpaw, grab some fresh-kill and then head to your den. Whitestorm, I would like to talk to you in my den." Bluestar said. Firepaw grabbed a vole, his favorite, and asked if I wanted to share.

"No thanks. I just want to sleep. I'll eat at moon-rise." Firepaw

watched me stalk away, no doubt surprised about my.... friendliness.

FIREPAW
I settled down to eat my vole. Surprised at what Sandpaw had said. *She didn't sound very hostile. Was that a sign of friendship? Maybe I could expand my range of friendship outside of Graypaw and Ravenpaw.*

I thought about that and then finished off my vole, padding into the apprentice's den to sleep next to Ravenpaw, who had just gotten back from battle training with Tigerclaw. Maybe I would see Redtail and ask him about these "mind reading" powers Sandpaw seemed to have.

I woke up in Starclan's hunting grounds, but Redtail didn't appear to me.

"Who are you?" I asked

"I am Sunstar, leader before Bluestar. I believe you wanted to ask about the "powers" Sandpaw has?" I nodded vigorously. "Good. When she was born, she was born completely normal, except she had very weak hind legs. Instead of hind legs, she was given the power to be able to tell what people she cares about are thinking."

"Wait wait wait wait wait. Sandpaw does NOT care about me at all. She calls me a kittypet regularly!"

"Yes, but what about today, when she didn't seem hostile? Or after you had that dream about Redtail, where you comforted her and she didn't shy away but curled up in your embrace instead! She may not show it, but she cares about you, more than you would think!" Sunstar started to fade away, leaving me to finish up on my regular sleep.

SANDPAW

"Spottedleaf? Why are you talking to me?" I asked. The beautiful tortoiseshell had appear in my dreams, apparently wanting to talk to me.

"I've been watching over the two of you, Firepaw and yourself. You are still aware of your powers?" I nodded. "Good."

"So wait, why am I all of the sudden enjoying Firepaw's company? I used to hate him! He's a kittypet!" Spottedleaf's eyes abruptly flames in fury.

"That's because that's all you thought he was! You never got to know him! See who he really is! You just see him as this stupid, fat kittypet that needs to go back to his twolegs for food, when he is really a sweet, caring tom!" She slowly stalked closer while I moved back. "You don't think he was nice when he tried, and apparently succeeded, to comfort you when you had the dream about Redtail? You kept what you were talking about with Whitestorm to yourself! Don't you think he was just trying to help? Why must you judge him by his past! All that matters is the present."

With this, Spottedleaf was standing directly in front of me, our whiskers slightly brushing. And then she said something that shocked me.

"What kind of niece of mine are you?"

FIREPAW

I awoke to Tigerclaw prodding me in the side.

"Come on. Patrol with Bluestar, Ravenpaw and myself."

I padded out by the thorn-barrier entrance and met the patrol outside of it, still distracted by the previous nights events.

Another chappie! Thanks for all of you that have continued reading.

Here's the next question:
Who is Rowanclaw's mates non-medicine-cat-sons mates mothers fathers mothers brothers mates fathers brother?
-Maple

She's Back

Hey guys! Thanks for sticking with me. I know I haven't updated in a while, but I had my bowling league practices all week right after school. I've been trying to keep my grades up above a B-, and so far have been successful.
The answer to the last question was Patchpelt. Here's a cookie for all of you who got it correct! Hope you enjoy!
(::)
FIREPAW
"From this moment on, you will be known as Fireheart, for your unusual compassion and care."

The clan around him chanted his new name: "Fireheart! Fireheart! Fireheart!"

A few sunrises ago, Fireheart and Yellowfang led a patrol to take back the four kittens that Shadowclan had stolen. The mission was successful, and Fireheart was highly praised. The best thing for the tom was that Yellowfang had earned Bluestar's trust, as well has the rest of the clan.

Bluestar walked up to Fireheart, a pure rumbling in her throat, "Congratulations. I'm very proud of how hard you worked. You've earned this."

"Thank you Bluestar," he replied, "I couldn't have had a better mentor." To that, she purred, licking in between my ears.

"Good to hear. You are like a son to me, Fireheart." I padded away after a brief nod to Bluestar.

Graystripe came up to me, congratulating me on my new name. "Fireheart is so much cooler than Graystripe! Your so lucky!" I meowed in amusement at my best friend.

"Are you sure? I'd prefer Graystripe. It's way more simple." Now it was Graystripe turn to laugh.

"Your to humble for your own good Fireheart. You act like you're already leader." Graystripe and I continued talking while walking to the fresh-kill pile. I bent down to pick out a plump squirrel, but instead ran into a pale-ginger muzzle.

"Watch where your putting your muzzle kittypet!" Ah. Sandpaw. I removed my muzzle and allowed her to take the squirrel. She padded over to Dustpaw.

"Good to see she's back", I said.

"Wait. What?" That was Graystripe's reply.

"She was acting rather.... friendly to me. I found that odd. It's good to see that she is back to her normal self. I'd be slightly worried if she actually was nice to me. She'd have to go see Yellowfang", I mrrowed in amusement.

Graystripe and I padded over to where Whitestrom and Bluestar were talking. I plopped down and took a bite of my vole. "How's being a warrior?" Whitestorm asked.

Graystripe replied, "Great!" I found this off. We hadn't even been warriors for a day!

"Graystripe, we haven't been warriors for that long. We can't know how being a warrior is without at least experiencing it for a few sunrises." Bluestar and Whitestorm both glanced at me.

"Again, where did all of this humbleness and wisdom come from?" Whitestorm asked.

We all laughed. Graystripe finished off our vole, and we retreated to the warriors den to get some sleep before our vigil.

SANDPAW

I can't believe I called Fireheart a kittypet again. I was on such a good run with being nice to him, and then I started hanging out with Dustpaw again, and BANG. I'm a jerk.

I sometimes find that I just do it on instinct, like it's natural for me

to reject him, but most of the time it feels wrong. I guess part of the reason may just be because he became a warrior before me, and he started his training after me.

It *is* kind of sad that Ravenpaw isn't here too. The poor tom was killed by a Shadowclan patrol. I knew he had a crush on me, but we were good friends anyway so it's still sad.

"You alright Sandpaw?" I turned around to see Dustpaw sitting next to me.

"Yeah. I'm fine. I'm just thinking about Ravenpaw." I replied

"Don't Tell me you liked him! I thought you liked me?" Dustpaw frowned.

"What!? No! We were just good friends! I thought you would care more, Dustpaw. Ravenpaw was your brother." Dustpaw looked at the ground.

"I know, I was just trying to look tough. Since you broke my guard down, though, I will say that I really miss him." I laid my tail over his shoulder comfortingly and padded over to the apprentice's den to get some sleep.

****

I woke up to Dustpaw stretching and yawning.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Almost Dawn. Sorry if I woke you up, I was going for a walk."

"Your fine." I padded out of the den to see Fireheart and Graystripe still guarding the camp. Redtail's words came back to me: *Follow your heart where you truly desire it to be, Sandpaw.*

Hmph. I'll follow my heart wherever I want.

I decided that for the present time being I would stay with Dustpaw and see what happens from there.

"Sandpaw! Dawn patrol!" Runningwind called over to me.

"Coming!" I quickly groomed myself and began to pad over to the small group.

FIREHEART

I watched Sandpaw walk over to the dawn patrol group, admiring her enthusiasm. *Wait. I can't be thinking this! She's with Dustpaw. Well, I could at least try to become friends with her.*

I decided to go out hunting a bit with Bluestar, just to catch up with what extra duties I would have now that I'm a warrior.

"Bluestar? May I come in?" I called into her den.

"Yes Fireheart. What do you need?"

"I was wondering if by any chance you wanted to go hunting?" Bluestar giggled. "What?"

"Fireheart, are you asking me out?"

"W-what!? No! I just wanted to ask you what extra duties I would have now that I'm a warrior, and I thought that we could hunt while doing so!" Her expression still expressed amusement.

"Very well. Lead the way, young one."

When we reached the gorse tunnel, Graystripe stopped us. "Are you taking Bluestar out Fireheart?" He also had amusement in his eyes.

"No. We were just going to hunt while we talked about extra warrior duties. Your welcome to join us if you'd like." I responded.

"No thanks. I have sun-high patrol, and I don't want to accidentally miss it."

"See you later Graystripe."

"Bye guys."

Hi guys! Thanks for reading! We have a new question coming

up!:
Name one Warrior Cats couple that is related. There are a few answers, and I'm willing to accept any of them!

Also, don't forget to check out any writing by Hawkheart24 .
I've been reading some of his books, and they are really good!
He is currently working on book 2 of Firestar reborn, of which some of the story was inspired by yours truly!

Saved

Hey guys! Sorry for the late update. I want you to know that I will be skipping some major points that happen in the main series, just for the sake of the story.
A few answers to the last question were: DustxFern, PatchxWillow, and (very distantly) TigerxGolden.
Hope you enjoy.
(::)

SANDPAW
"Thunderclan! Attack!"

The two bozos, Fireheart and Graystripe, had managed to get into another conflict, this one being them just waltzing through Riverclan territory like it was nobody's business. Of course, now it was up to us to save their stupid faces.

I jumped into a silver she-cat, and tackled her to the ground. I swiped at her ears while she batted her surprisingly soft paws against my belly. She yowled in pain as I bit down on her paw, and threw me over her. She jumped on top of me, and we tumbled towards the ledge. I noticed, and honestly didn't care. At least I would be able to say that I died in battle, and not of some sickness or in the elder's den.

I continued to tussle with the she-cat, and eventually, she flung me off her. All I felt was myself falling... and falling... and falling.

And then suddenly, teeth clamped down on my scruff and hauled me up from my position dangling over the edge. I looked up and saw the face I would least expect to see. Fireheart. Right then, without thinking, I blurted, "I can fight my own battles without your help *kittypet*! I don't need you saving me every time I'm in danger!"

I immediately regretted what I said, but I was so caught up in the moment that I didn't really care how it came out. And then I heard

the screech of a cat falling. I turned around and looked down the cliff side to see a Riverclan cat, Whiteclaw, I believe, hanging on by a thread of Graystripe's paw. All the sudden, he slipped and fell towards the river below.

Everybody just stared at where Whiteclaw was as he disappeared below the surface. Only then did I realize how much I didn't want to die, and how stupid I was to yell at Fireheart about saving my life.

FIREHEART

While I must say I was surprised and Sandpaw's outburst, I can't say that I didn't expect it.

She's been getting back into the "Fireheart is stupid and is a kittypet" mood, much to my relief, as I would be worried if she was suddenly nice to me.

I mean, yes, it would be good to be able to have another friend, since Ravenpaw left, but Sandpaw being mean to me sometimes is a good thing, reminding me of the fact that I'm not perfect and not everyone loves me.

Back to the present, we all stared down at where Whiteclaw had fallen over the edge.

Back to the present, Graystripe continued to stare over the edge where Whiteclaw had disappeared. "I knew Thunderclan couldn't be trusted!" Leopardfur yelled into Tigerclaw's face, "Riverclan! Retreat!" She turned back around to face us, "This will not be forgotten easily." With that, the patrols parted, heading in separate directions.

"You fools!" Tigerclaw screamed at us, "Not only have you mad Riverclan angry, but now they think we've established a alliance with Windclan, and will surely team up with Shadowclan and attack us. **(A.N. Do you guys find it amusing that this is exactly what Tigerclaw did?)** We'll See what Bluestar has to say about this."

(A.N. Sorry about posting it without it being finished. I hit the wrong button)

We followed Tigerclaw into the camp, and over to Bluestar's den. "Don't expect me to praise you over your accomplishments *kittypet*," Tigerclaw whispered in my ear, "I still haven't been able to trust you." I let Graystripe go on ahead.

"And you better watch your back 'O great deputy'. I know *all* of your dirty little secrets. Don't think I won't try to report this to Bluestar." Tigerclaw scowled and turned around, towards the Fresh-kill pile.

"Fireheart! You coming?" I heard Graystripe call out behind me.

"Yeah!"

SANDPAW

The two newly warriors had padded into Bluestar's den, and, to my surprise, there were no loud words. However, Fireheart and Graystripe looked a lot more sober when they exited then when they had entered.

I decided not to press on the subject, and instead continue towards my destination: sleep.

...

I woke up in Starclan's hunting grounds, somewhere I had not been in some time. I called for the car that normally met with me:

"Spottedleaf? Are you there?"

Not too long after, the tortoiseshell appeared, looking thoughtful, and inquiring.

"Last night, Fireheart asked me if by any chance you could teach him about your 'mind-reading' powers."

Okay, this is the real author's note. Thanks for all of the attention you've given this book. And now for the next question:

In what book did Feathertail die?
Thanks for reading! Hope you enjoyed.
-Maple

Authors Note

HOLY CRAP!!!!
150 readers? That's insane! I didn't think that many of you would be interested in this. Sure, I've seen other stories about this kind of stuff, but man, I'm pretty sure my writing doesn't compare! Thank you guys so much!
-Maple

Author's Note 2

Sorry everyone, I know this isn't a new chapter some so of you are disappointed.

BUT 300 FREAKING READS!!!

I'm gonna faint.

Just a few actions can go a long way

Sorry for the delay. I've had a cruel writer's block, and Easter has come and gone. I hope to be more consistent in the future, but no promises.

I've been thinking about possibly doing some sort of face reveal, as I've seen a lot of other authors doing that, however, I would need a lot of people to want me to do this.

Comment here if you want a face reveal.

There is some FirexSand here.

FINALLY.

The answer to the last question was Moonrise. I hated that Feathertail died. Here's a cookie:
(::)

SANDPAW
I stood there, shocked, as Spottedleaf spoke those words to me. I haven't even heard that come from Fireheart's mouth or mind for that matter.

"Well, should I teach him how to use them? I mean, it could be useful in the future." I didn't break my gaze from Spottedleaf.

"Why would I come here to have a full-blown conversation with you if it was my choice? It's your power, so you can decide whether or not to teach him." Spottedleaf responded with her usual, kind voice.

"I-Well, what do you think I should do? I know it's my choice, but I can still take your advice, right?" Spottedleaf's mind seemed to freeze for a split second.

Spottedleaf, after a bit of time, seemed to have some kind of

answer, "Yes, you can always take my advice. I would say to do it. It could prove useful in the future, and especially with," her face now held a smirk, "you know what."

I blushed, hiding my face from her, even though she would probably see right through it. "O-Ok then. I'll teach him sometime later."

"Good. You should wake up now."

FIREHEART

I awoke to a paw prodding my side.

"I-huh? Whitestorm?"

The white tom's gaze held his usual friendliness. "Did you forget? You have a patrol along the Windclan border with Sandpaw."

"I-No. I didn't forget. Why aren't you coming with us?"

"I have other things to attend to. You and Sandpaw should head right out after you eat."

"We will. Thanks for waking me up, Whitestorm." The senior warrior dipped his head and padded out of the den.

I followed suit, walking straight over the apprentice's den to wake Sandpaw up. Before I could enter however, she spoke:

"I'm already up. Go grab a mouse that we can share." I recoiled in fear.

"*gasp* Sandpaw's being nice to me! The world is finally ending! Goodbye world!"

Sandpaw laughed.

Well.

That's good.

"Okay, I'm coming you furball. Gimme a second here."

"Alright Mrs. I'm-going-to-suddenly-be-nice-to-Fireheart-and-use-my-mind-reading-powers-on-him-because-I-care-about-him." Sandpaw blushed. No surprise there. She has been exposed. Good thing Dustpaw is still asleep, or she'd never hear the end of that.

"S-Shut up and grab a mouse. I'll meet you in the clearing. Let me groom myself."

I quietly chuckled, padding into the dimly lit clearing and grabbing a plump mouse for the two of us. While I waited, I decided to take meager bites of the mouse and start tearing the skin off to make it easier to eat.

Not too long after that, Sandpaw padded into the clearing, her shiny and beaut-uh, sleek fur standing out after being groomed. She sat down quietly and took a bite out of the mouse.

She seemed tensed up, but by this time I had gotten used to the mind-reading scenario, and just kept think that she was tensed up, until she finally responded.

"I just don't want Dustpaw to see me like this. He'd have my fur off and I wouldn't here the end of it."

"I know how you feel. If Graystripe or Whitestorm saw me like this, they'd be surprised and the immediately smug, all like, 'Oh! Wittle Fireheart got a girlfriend!'. I would die, and then die again after that, but of laughter." She oddly seemed hurt by my words, but laughed anyways.

By that time we had finished the mouse. "Well best we head out towards Windclan. We don't want to have to get Drilled by "His Highness Tigerclaw" just because a Windclan apprentice chased a rabbit into our territory."

Sandpaw seemed to brighten up, and chuckled at my sarcasm. "Well, no time to waste. Let's go."

Time skip brought to you by Fireheart's obliviousness to love. Sorry for my horrible attempt at humor.

As we walked along the Windclan border, Sandpaw decided to start

up a conversation.

"Spottedleaf told me what you said to her."

I immediately froze.

"Heh. Uh- Yeah. So.... Could you?"

Sandpaw looked back at me. "Well, I could. But that's take some convincing."

I let a mischievous grin dance on my lips. "Oh *really* now. I think I have an idea."

In a blink of an eye, I was on top of her, tickling her sides mercilessly.

"Ha ha! Stop-ha! Please Fire-HA-rt! Fine fine! I'll teach you just-ha! Please get off of me!"

"That's more like it."

I stopped and got off her panting body. She stood up. "C'mon. We have a patrol to finish."

I followed her along the border, every so often talk glances at the vast, open moorland beside our path.

SANDPAW

As we approached the camp entrance, he moved aside to let me through.

I froze and looked up at him. "Speaking of being so nice, why did you save me from falling over the cliff? I've only been mean to you."

He stiffened, "Well, two reasons. One, it's the right thing to do. Two..." He exhaled and started to pad into the clearing behind me, "It's good to have someone tease you when everyone else around you is always praising you. To remind you that you're not perfect, you know?"

As he padded to Bluestar's den to give her news of the patrol, I looked after him. "Yeah. I do know."

Yay! Another chapter! FINALLY!

Sorry again for my lack of humor skills.

Again, sorry it took me so long to get a new chapter out. School's been crazy with all the online stuff, and I've been slowly losing my sanity.

I know this isn't the place to talk about this, but the Government of my state isn't being so smart, to the point where there was a protest in the capital.

Anyways, Hope you guys are doing well, and if any of you have COVID-19, prayers for you and your family.

Done with the sad stuff. NEXT QUESTION!

What's your favorite song? Mine is Masterpiece Theater III by Marianas Trench. There is no wrong answer!

Hope you're all safe. Stay strong.

-Maple

Author's Note 3 and getting tagged by my IRL friend.

MOM! I DID IT!
I HAVE 430 READS FROM MY AMAZING READERS!

That's great son. Now go get a life.

Anywho, thanks so much for the insane amount of reads. Also, I've been doing too many Author's Notes.

MORE CHAPTERS MAPLE.

Aside from that, I got tagged by my friend who writes Star Wars stuff. She hasn't posted anything, but is planning on it soon.

1. What's you favorite food?
Lasagna. Is it weird that my birthday is also National Garfield day?
2. What's your favorite Pokémon?
That's still a thing? Just kidding. Either Decidueye or Greninja.
3. How many people does it take to change a light bulb?
One. Unless your me and have less than two brain cells, then like a million.
4. Favorite color?
Jay blue (or Dutch blue if you prefer)
5. Place you most want to visit?
Greece. I actually wrote a poem on it in forth grade, and I'm fascinated with Greek Mythology. Also, it may help with their debt.

Well, now I have to tag others, so... here:

Ryeriley
SpringAndTheWing
DragonaWolves
Narowminded
W0lfQueen
Katana391012

If I didn't mention you or you don't have story to put this in, just respond in the comments!

See you all next time!

-Maple

Master of the Mind

What's this? I actually posted quickly? Whaaaaaaatt?

I hope all of you are staying safe.

Sorry that my updating schedule is so off.

There was no correct or wrong answer to the last question, so you all get a cookie. Enjoy the chapter!
(::)
SANDPAW

"So, when are we finally gonna sit down and have a discussion about this mind-reading thing? I want to know!"

Fireheart, while not annoying as he used to be, had been asking me when I was finally going to teach how to use the mind-reading powers for sunrises upon sunrises.

I would honestly rather have Dustpaw drilling me about this than Fireheart, because Dustpaw would eventually give up when he got no reaction out of me.

I decided to finally give in, if it meant I didn't have to listen to this every second of my free time.

I rolled my eyes, "Tell Tigerclaw we are going hunting. I'll teach you while we're walking."

"Yay!"

If I have to deal with this while we're walking...

StarClan help me.

FIREHEART

"Okay. Now try to focus on exactly where that leaf is going to end

up."

Sandpaw has been teaching me for a good amount of time how to predict things, saying that that would help me start to read minds.

"About four paw steps left of your left paw."

The leaf had landed.

And....

"Pretty good. And with your eyes closed, too. Nice job. To be exact, 4 paw steps left and about half of a mouse-length forwards."

Sandpaw had praised me, saying that I had progressed nicely.

"Now, predict the exact pattern of that leaf up there."

She pointed her snout towards a orange leaf that was on its final fingertips of hanging on.

I took a deep breath and focused, closing my eyes, "Left for two, right for two, left for four right for one, backwards for three, a quick spin, and left for 2 before landing."

Sandpaw looked at the leaf, her mouth moving as she counted the paw lengths that the leaf moved before hitting the ground. Just as I finished counting the movement, I opened my eyes to see two grassy green ones looking at my own.

"T-tha-That was perfect. Everything happened a split second after you said it. I-It took me way longer to learn this. You're a natural."

I laughed a bit, "Aren't you supposed to be making fun of me?"

"Oh. Right." She quickly changed he posture. "I could do better, *kittypet*." She kept that glare and posture for another second, until we both fell down laughing.

"I was just-HA-joking! You-HA-are better when-HA-you're nice!" I tried to not cry.

"Whatever kittypet", her 'kittypet' didn't have her usual spite.

She spoke once more, "Okay, what am I thinking right now?"

I thought for a moment, and then inwardly grinned.

"Fireheart is a handsome tom and all the she-cats want him."

"..."

"Yes! Knew it!" Sandpaw face-pawed.

"You toms are just.. so... ARGH!"

"Okay, reset your mind and let me actually try."

Sandpaw stopped and scrunched her face up, ridding her mind of that stupid conversation and thinking up something random.

"Okay, go ahead."

I closed my eyes and exhaled, reaching out my senses.

"WHAT! RAVENPAW HAD A CRUSH ON YOU?!"

She winced. "Yeah. He did",she turned towards the camp, "Well, let's head back."

"What? Why?"

"Well, it seems you've mastered it. C'mon. Don't want Bluestar to wonder where we were."

As Sandpaw padded away, I stared after her. By the time she was out of earshot, I scream-whispered: "YES!"

"I heard that furball! Come on!"

I ran after Sandpaw, still excited about successfully learning how to mind-read.

TIME SKIP BROUGHT TO YOU BUY MY HORRIBLE ATTEMPTS AT HUMOR.

"Hey kittypet, wake up. Bluestar wants you." Tigerclaw was prodding my side.

"Shut up and let me get to her on my own time."

"Get up. You will respect me."

"No. Who died and made you leader?"

"Get up and get to your leader. I have accusations I could make if you don't go to her."

"And I know every single one of you dirty little secrets. Watch your back "deputy"." I took a step closer every time I said a word.

"Fireheart! My den!"

I turned to look at Bluestar's den, and then back at Tigerclaw. "This isn't over."

As I walked over to Bluestar's den, I heard Tigerclaw scoff. I decided to ignore it and kept padding to where Bluestar was waiting for me.

"What was that all about?"

"Hm?"

"Your ordeal with Tigerclaw. What else?" Crud. She saw that.

I gulped, "Uh- It was just a little quarrel ma'am."

"Nonsense! You're always having little "quarrels" with each other! I thought you were more mature, but you act like a kit. Start acting like a warrior for Starclan's sakes! Keep this up and I'll have to punish you."

"What?! What about Tigerclaw?! He's the one that's out to kill me!"

Bluestar stood up and walked over to me, threateningly, and pushed her face towards mine.

"I'm done with all these false accusations your making about my deputy! You make him sound like he's a traitor! If anything, *you* are

one. You making accusations make me wonder if this is just for your own cover-up !"

I snarled, unsheathing my claws. Bluestar was defending a traitor that could easily kill her with one swipe. It angered me a lot.

"Why won't you believe me! Why won't you *ever* believe me!" My voice was steadily rising, "What do you see me as? Some kind of nuisance? I bet you would believe anyone else, even Tigerclaw himself! What's so different about me? What's so special about the others? There no different from me! We're all the same species. I'm not some abomination, but obviously, you see me as one!

I've done everything for you! Hunted for you, fought for you, agreed with you, helped you, brought you fresh-kill! I always stood up for you, always put down arguments between others! Now I'm trying to tell you about a murderer that may have the power to ruin the clans, and you say *I'm* the traitor? What's wrong with me? What have I done wrong? When will I do things right?"

Bluestar froze and stepped back, "Fireheart, I-"

"No! I'm not finished. What happened to the bond we had when I was your apprentice? Did this all changed just because I was more innocent? No! I've known about this since I was 7 moons! Just because I became a warrior doesn't mean all new things have been brought to my attention!"

Bluestar opened her mouth as to say something, but I cut her off.

"If this is a 'Oh Fireheart! Im so sorry', then I DON'T want to hear it! Don't talk to me unless you've figured out that I'm not just some *kittypet* that you had to feel sorry for."

I stormed out of the den, leaving a confused Bluestar behind me.

I padded over to the warrior's den, Sandpaw intercepting me on the way. "Don't ask. I'll tell you later. I'm going to sleep."

Sandpaw nodded and allowed me to pass, so I walked past her and into my best, falling into a dreamless sleep.

Hello!

I updated pretty quickly! So I don't get copyrighted , the fight between Bluestar and Fireheart originally came from Lunar_Serenity. Go check out his writings. They are really good!

Also, go check out AnonymousPuppyLuv , and their story The Chronicles of Stormclan. It's really good so far.

This is the longest chapter, took me the shortest amount of time to write. Somebody help my sanity.

Anyways, here's the next question:
Who is Cloudtail's moms brothers mates fathers brothers third mates last sons mates sisters mates mother?

That a long one, but I'm sure you'll figure it out. Thanks for staying with me!

Stay safe.

-Maple

Finally A Warrior

Sorry it took so long again!
My sanity is slowly coming back to me now that the state of emergency order is
over, but the day after it ended, I broke my finger.
MY FIRST BROKEN BONE!
Anyways, like I said, that's chapters are not going to be the same as the actual book series. You'll see what I mean in this chapter.
Also, sorry! Due to my horrible battle-writing skills, I'm going to skip the major part. Sorry again!
Since Fireheart and Sandstorm are going to be telepathically talking now, italics are in-mind, and normal is out loud.
Anywho, the answer to the last question is Ashfoot. Congrats AnonymousPuppyLuv for getting it right! Here's a cookie!
(::)

FIREHEART
I awoke to rustle in the overgrowth and the overwhelming scent of..

Wait, *Shadowclan?*

I leaped out of my nest and cautiously padded to the end of the den, poking my head out to see if that was a stray gust of wind or actual Shadowclan invading.

Sadly, my suspicions were correct. Shadowclan, as a band of rogues.

I immediately pulled my head back into the den, prodding every cat, urging them to open their eyes.

Once I knew they were all awake, I spoke to them, "Brokenstar and his rogues are attacking, stay quiet, and wait for my signal. We have the element of surprise right now."

All cats nodded, and I poked my head out again, making sure no one was watching before I bolted across to the apprentice's den

(Just so you know, the Cinderpaw accident already happened. Sorry for skipping it if you really wanted to see it.)

As I entered, I saw Brackenpaw already awake, hiding in his nest. "Help me wake the others up. I assume you know what's going on?" He nodded.

He moved over to Dustpaw, while I walked over to Sandpaw. "Rise 'n' shine Sandpaw."

"Five more minutes." Despite the situation, I chuckled.

"Fine. I'm okay if you get killed by the rogue patrol that's invading camp." She jumped to her paws.

"Seriously?" I nodded "Ok. If you need any help, you know what to do." I nodded again.

I turned to the other two apprentices, and whispered, "Stand ready at the entrance, and wait for my signal." They all nodded.

Meanwhile, I turned to see the rogues filling up camp. *Well, no time to warm the queens, elders and Bluestar.*

I turned and let out a shrilling caterwaul, and immediately, cats filed out of both dens, and Goldenflower poked her head out of the nursery, eyes wide.

I leapt into battle, making sure no cat would get harmed.

(TIME SKIP BROUGHT TO YOU BY OXICLEAN, GET YOUR EX-WIFE OUT!)

SANDPAW

After the battle, Brokenstar was captured while blind, and the rest of the rogues fled. Bluestar called Fireheart, Dustpaw and I over to her den.

"Sit, all of you." We all sat around Bluestar, awaiting her speech.

"You all did very well. I'm proud of all of you."

"These two fought like warriors, ma'am. Thunderclan has a bright future." Fireheart was praising Dustpaw? I can't tell who the delusional one is now.

I couldn't help myself, I had to deny praise, "Fireheart devised the plan to get rid of all the cats, running around to send to warn others."

Fireheart turned to me. "I don't know why you are praising me. I didn't make it to the Elders, Queens, or here before I had to release the signal."

Bluestar sighed. "Both of you now? Fireheart, if you had kept going to dens, we wouldn't have been prepared anyways, and Sandpaw. You still fought like a *cough* Warrior."

Fireheart beamed, seemingly catching something that I didn't. "I'd say let them eat first. Then we'll tell them."

"Alright Fireheart."

FIREHEART

As the two apprentices turned to get some fresh-kill, I turned to Bluestar. "It's about time those two get their warrior names."

"It is." She then chuckled. I looked at her with a puzzled glance. "I'm just remembering when I thought you were asking me out on a date after you became a warrior."

I smiled sheepishly in response, "Yeah, let's hope Dustpaw doesn't do that." This earned a laugh from the blue-furred leader.

"Ha. Anyways, you and Sandpaw seemed to be really close all the sudden. Anything I should..." she nudged me, "Know about?"

I turned my head away, cheeks flustering in embarrassment. "N-No. It's not like that, it's just..."

I quickly reached out to Sandpaw in my mind, asking her a question:

Hey. Can I tell Bluestar about our thing? The answer was, of course, quickly returned.

I suppose so. She is the leader. Just make her promise not to tell anyone.

Got it.

I looked back up at Bluestar. "She and I share a special connection."

Bluestar kept her teasing glare. "Oh?"

"ARGH! No! Not like that! It's- It's mind-reading. We can talk telepathically and tell what the other is thinking."

Her stare returned to normal "Oh. I see. I assume you entrusted me with this with the promise of keeping it a secret?" Seeing the confused gleam in my eyes, she continued, "You don't need super-natural powers to make an educated guess, Fireheart."

My gaze relaxed, returning to its original form.

"Alright. Choose some names for the two. I'm going to go eat really quick."

"Goodbye." She paused, and the teasing gleam came back, "Son."

SANDPAW

"May all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the high-rock for a clan meeting!" Bluestar's call rang out across the clearing.

Oh great, what now?

I want you to take a random guess. Fireheart's thoughts collided with mine.

Bluestar is finally making you an elder. I could almost feel him snort.

Not yet, and I take offense to that. Now it was my turn to snort, but he continued. *Just wait. You'll like this.*

"Sandpaw and Dustpaw, please step forward."

I started walking forward, the realization of what this meeting was about dawning on me. Fireheart seemed to see that, and casted a smirk in my direction. *Well? What do you say?*

T-Thank you. A lot.

That's more like it.

"Whitestorm, is Sandpaw ready to become a warrior?" Bluestar quickly turned towards the white tom.

"Very. She'll be a great asset to the clan." Whitestorm's voice held the edge of a purr.

"Good. Sandpaw, do you promise to uphold the ways of our code, and defend our clan, even at the cost of you life?"

I quickly looked at Whitestorm and Fireheart, a thankful gaze in my eyes, "I do."

"Then by the powers of StarClan, I grant you your warrior name. From this moment on, you will be know as Sandstorm, due to your courage and bravery. May StarClan light your path."

I bowed my head to lick Bluestar's shoulder respectively, while she put her chin on my head. "Now go get your tom."

I scream-whispered, "Bluestar! Please, not here!" She laughed, but I couldn't turn my face to hide my blush.

"Go on. I won't embarrass you anymore."

Bluestar then repeated the same ceremony for Dustpaw, naming him Dustpelt, which I think suited him.

I trotted over to Fireheart, grabbing a large rabbit from the fresh-kill pile.

He spoke to me as I approached him. "Grab Dustpaw. We don't want him suspecting something now, do we? He might as well eat with us."

I turned back towards the fresh-kill pile, and saw Dustpelt bending down to pick up a scrawny bird. "Hey Dustpelt! Come eat with Fireheart and myself!"

He brightened up, if only a bit. He still seemed to have a hatred for the orange tom, but it wasn't as large as it used to be.

"So, now we need to talk about new responsibilities." And with that, Fireheart began a three hour lecture.

Done with that one! Again, sorry for skipping the battle.
Next question!:
Who is Dustpelt's first niece's mates sisters only known sons mates brothers mate?
A short one, but I think it may stump some of you!
Have a nice week!
-Maple

They Need to Know

Wow. I really owe you guys an explanation, don't I?
Truth is, I don't really have one. I guess I've just been putting this off for awhile.
Let's get to better stuff. The two answers for last question were: Blossomfall and Sorreltail! For all of you who got it right, here's a treat!
(::)

SANDSTORM
"Good job you two. You can speak now."

Brindleface had come out to relieve us of our vigil, allowing us to finally shut our eyes and take a nap in the Warriors den.

I padded into the den, finding that there were two new, scentless nests laying side by side near the edge of the den. I gratefully laid down, closing my eyes, willing sleep to come over me.

None came.

I tossed and turned, but the relaxing darkness wouldn't accept my wishes. So instead, I stood up and decided to eat something, maybe go hunting or on a patrol. Fireheart noticed me, and came over to me.

"Care to share?"

"Fine with me." I grabbed a squirrel and dug into it. "We should go hunting, the four of us."

Fireheart looked confused, so I playfully pawed his ears. "Graystripe, Dustpelt, you, and myself. We could even bring Whitestorm."

Realisation dawned on him. "What about Brackenpaw? He hasn't finished his training yet."

I turned my eyes towards him, responding, "Let him rest and stay in camp for a day. Let him have a bit of freedom and responsibility."

Fireheart paused, looking over to where Greystripe and Brackenpaw were talking. "Well, I guess that's really up to Greystripe, but I'm fine with it."

We finished up our squirrel, and padded over to Greystripe. He heard us approaching, and turned, "Hey Fireheart! And, uh, Sandstorm? What do you guys need?"

Fireheart smiled and looked down at Brackenpaw before responding, "Sandstorm had the idea of having the four of us go on a patrol or go hunting." Greystripe opened his mouth to protest, but Fireheart continued, "Brackenpaw should stay in camp, maybe join a different patrol. He could learn a bit of responsibility and have some freedom."

Greystripe sighed, "Alright." He then brightened, and looked at Brackenpaw, who was watching a butterfly twirl around. "Hey bud, Fireheart, Sandstorm, Dustpelt and myself are gonna go on a patrol of some sort. You have the rest of the day to yourself: sleep, do your duties, or go on another patrol. But have fun."

Brackenpaw smiles and walked off towards the medicine den, presumably getting mouse bile for the elder's ticks.

Something is wrong with that apprentice. He likes *doing his duties.*

You could say that again.

Something is wrong with tha-.

Okay shut up.

Fireheart looked at me while saying that, and we both laughed.

Greystripe turned around and looked at us funny. "Fireheart, what's gotten into you? First the prey that she brought you when we were apprentices, and now you guys are laughing at each other? What's going on?"

Fireheart and myself both looked at each other with uncertainty.

Should we tell him?

I mean, we were apprentices together , and even if the two of you weren't the best of friends, he's still trustworthy.

**sigh* Fine, but that means we tell Dustpelt as well. And you have to tell both of them.*

Fine by me.

Fireheart looked back to Greystripe, "Not here. Get Dustpelt and then we'll tell both of you." Greystripe nodded in response, padding over to the medicine den, where Dustpelt was getting a paw pad checked.

Fireheart turned towards me, and bowed his head a bit, still looking at me, "Are you sure this is a good idea? Only Bluestar knows, and even that was risky."

"Well, it's too late to turn back now. We have to go on. And anyways, like you said, we were all apprentices together. Even if we don't realize it, we all have a very strong bond with one another."

By this time, Greystripe was walking back to us with a heavily confused Dustpelt, "What's going on?"

I turned to look at him, "We are all going hunting, and Fireheart and myself have something to tell the both of you."

TIME SKIP BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE FACT THAT I JUST WANT TO GET TO THE POINT.

FIREHEART

"So Greystripe, you asked us earlier why we were getting so warmed up to each other." I put on a teasing gleam, "It's because Sandstorm likes me."

Almost immediately, the pale-ginger ball of fur screamed, "I DO NOT!" We all laughed, and even Dustpelt let loose a little chuckle.

"Ok, really though. We share a stronger connection than you think. Sandstorm and I.... We can read each other's minds."

Greystripe was confused, but Dustpelt's gaze didn't falter. "Prove it."

"Alright, I'll stay here and tell you both the same thing. Sandstorm, walk 30 fox-lengths away and then come back after 20 seconds."

"Alright." And with that, she padded off.

When I knew that she was far enough away, I whispered to them, "Sandstorm was lying when she said she didn't like me."

Dustpelt smirked, and Greystripe puffed out his cheeks like a squirrel, trying not to laugh.

I told them you were lying earlier about liking me.

YOU-ERGH.... AHHHHHHH I'M GONNA KILL YOU!

I turned back to the toms and told them, "She's coming back."

"You Fox-heart." Sandstorm has returned. I decided to play it off.

"That's not a very nice thing to say to your crush."

Sandstorm looked like she was about to bite my neck.

Instead, she turned towards the two toms. "He said that I was lying when I said I didn't like him," she turned to me, "Which of course isn't true."

"Well, I think it can be determined that we both believe that you can do it, due to this fur-ball's mouth." Dustpelt calmly explained.

We all looked to Greystripe, who had his mouth agape, and looked about ready to faint. He then did faint.

"Okay, who wants to carry him?" I smiled.

Ugh! 999 words! So close to 1000!

Anywho, thanks for ready, and I'm terribly sorry about not

updating

People to check out: Rey_Skywalker_2418 and AmbertailJayxHalf ! Also, Hawkheart24 is back and updating!

Next question! A pretty random one:
When you first started reading the books of Warrior cats, who did you pair Firepaw/Heart with? Provide a reasoning!

Rey_Skywalker_2418 says Bluestar.

My answer to that is Frostfur. The title "Fire and Ice" led me to that, as I thought *Fireheart is Fire, so then Frostfur must be Ice! They must become mates then!* That proved to be wrong, but hey,

I'm weird like that.

Hope y'all are alive and well!

-Maple

Author's Note 4

I logged on to update OC Rater, and I decided to check FirepawxSandpaw.....

1k reads!!!!!!

Thank you all so much, you have NO idea how much this means to me.

I may do something special for you..... but we'll see.

Thanks again!

-Maple

I GOT TAGGED! AGAIN!

This here tag is from viiolet_fluff !

1) Who tagged you?
viiolet_fluff
2)What's your birthday?
June 19, 2006 (Almost my birthday!)
3) Favorite book?
I'm just gonna say Warrior Cats. 'Cause I can.
4)Favorite Music Genre?
Oh lord, uhhhh I don't know.
5) Height?
5'2
6)Weirdest dream you've ever had?
When my crush from 6th grade actually liked me. No judging. I'm not a good-looking guy.
7) Favorite book on Wattpad?
ALL OF THEM.
8) Favorite TV show?
Clone Wars.
9)Unpopular opinion?
That I'm ugly. Seriously, everyone thinks I'm not ugly. And also that Donald Trump is a good President.... but you may have your own opinions. NO SCREAMING AT ME PLEASE.
10)Favorite Ice Cream flavor
Can't have Ice Cream 'cause of a genetic disorder, which we may get to later... but Mint Chocolate Chip.
11) Favorite Song?
Everything Moves by Bronze Radio Return
12) Favorite Movie?
Haven't watched it yet. Artemis Fowl. I LOVED the book series.
13) Favorite Quarantine Activity?
READING ALL OF YOUR BOOKS!
14) Zodiac Signs?
Uhhh Gemini and Dog I think?
15) Favorite Quote?

"Don't let anyone see that they get to you." Nick Wilde
16)Favorite Candy?
Sugar Babies
17)Happy Place?
My couch.
18) Favorite book character?
Artemis Fowl
19) Favorite movie character?
Ethan Hunt
20) TV Show character?
Ugh, um, Obi-Wan

NOW IT'S DONE-

You're telling em I have to tag 15 people?
Here we go:

deerleap-
AnonymousPuppyLuv
SpringAndTheWing
SilverfeatherRiver
wrenwhispers
Hawkheart24
Rey_Skywalker_2418
lunar-serenity
AmbertailJayxHalf
LulatheDOG
Shadowsecret711
FireStar_Reborn
Ginbellneko
bunnyskiies
Jayhow

That should be everything! Thanks for listening in!

-Maple

PS. Im sorry that this isn't another chapter.

Hunting

I AM NOT GOOD AT UPDATING.

You all already knew that, I just had to remind myself. I surry.

There was not correct answer to last question, so here's a cookie for all of you!
(::)

SANDSTORM

I padded out of the warriors den, making a beeline towards the fresh-kill pile for a nice meal. Dustpelt came over by my side and walked with me. I didn't mind, we were great friends.

Dustpelt bent down and picked out a thrush for me. I don't really like thrush, but it's better than not eating at all.

Dustpelt and I both sat down to eat, but not before I noticed him casting an annoyed glance at Fireheart, who was trotting over to us. Fireheart veered away, instead heading towards the fresh-kill pile.

"So," Dustpelt started up a conversation, "You want to go hunting, just the two of us later today?"

I looked back over at Fireheart, who was eating a squirrel by himself. He looked back over to me, and pricked his ears.

"Uh, sure. How about when the Sun-high patrol returns?" I noticed that Fireheart's tail drooped, and he went back to finishing off his squirrel.

Dustpelt nodded, and took another bite out of our meal. I quickly excused myself, and went over to ask Tigerclaw a question.

"Can I take a hunting patrol out? The prey is dwindling, and we have to stock up for leaf-bare."

Tigerclaw nodded, "Take two of three more cats with you. I'd hunt along the Riverclan border; the dawn patrol reported scenting a large family of water vole."

I returned the nod, and padded over to the warrior's den, seeking out other cats.

"Whitestorm, Darkstripe, Mousefur? Will you all come on a hunting patrol with me? We are to head out along the Riverclan border."

Whitestorm and Mousefur looked up from grooming each other and nodded, and Darkstripe raised his head after taking a bite of squirrel, then repeating the same action.

"Lead the way young one," Whitestorm said.

FIREHEART

While I was disappointed about Sandstorm going hunting with Dustpelt, I wasn't going to complain and cry like a kit.

I'm a man now.

Well,

Kinda.

I was, however, kind of fed up of how Dustpelt was acting around Sandstorm: Always grabbing her prey, but not what or when she wanted it. Always grooming her fur, but not when she likes it groomed. Always sweet-talking her, when everyone knows she hates it.

I could go on, but that's just a few of the annoying things. Maybe I should talk with him...

Eh. I'll find him later today.

"Earth to Fireheart."

I looked over to my side to see Bluestar resting there. I nearly jumped back in surprise.

"Uh, hello Bluestar. What do you need?"

She looked away, towards where Dustpelt and Longtail were talking. "What are you going to do? We both know you're kinda fed up with how Dustpelt is treating her, so what are you going to do?"

I shrugged, burying my face back into my squirrel. "I don't know. I'll probably talk to him."

She nodded looking at me, she bent down into her thrush. "You have a good chance, you know."

I was now confused, my head slightly tiling to show I didn't understand.

"With Sandstorm. You're a good tom, Fireheart. Just play your cards right. She already likes you."

I mentally snorted, there was no way Sandstorm liked me. I didn't show my emotions on my face, however. "Eh, maybe we'll see."

TIME SKIP BROUGHT TO YOU BY ELSEWORLD, BOOK SERIES BY ScruffyKitties **AND ALSO ME! GO READ IT! PWEASE!**

SANDSTORM

Dustpelt led the way out of camp. He was barely ahead, possibly by a mouse-length.

He and I had decided to go out right after I got back from my hunting patrol, and we headed out towards the Twolegplace.

Just thinking of it brought back memories of when Fireheart joined the clan. Sweet times.

"I think I scented a squirrel. Stay here; I'll be back in a second." Dustpelt quickly turned away and bounded out of the clearing we were in.

Knowing Dustpelt, he's going to be way longer than a second, so I lied down and closed my eyes, even if just for a second.....

FIREHEART

I padded through the Thunderclan forest, my nose and ears alert for any sign of Dustpelt.

I knew the brown tabby and Sandstorm had gone out to hunt, but I figure I could talk to him for a few seconds.

As I neared Snakerocks, I heard a rustle in the bushes. I stalked toward the sound, my paw-steps light in case it was prey or a fox making dirt.

As I peeked my head through a gap, I noticed a dark pelt stalking towards something. I turned my head slightly to see what they were stalking, when my tail swept across a leaf and made a sound.

The cat turned his head, forgetting about his prey, which had run away, "Who's there?"

I know knew that the cat was Dustpelt. "Ah, just the cat I was looking for. I need to speak with you privately."

Dustpelt raised an eyebrow, confused at my actions. "Oh? What about?"

My gaze turned serious, "Sandstorm. You..... haven't been the best to her."

Dustpelt stepped forward, a snarl taking over his face. "What do you know about her? After all you're a *kittypet*."

Weird how he calls me this and I still trust him. "Really? You really want her to like you?"
He nodded. "Let me offer you some advice..."

Sorry for the super short parts, I'm trying to get to a point.

SANDSTORM

I woke up rather quickly, surprised that Dustpelt wasn't back yet. I walked toward the direction of Snakerocks, seeing as that's the direction Dustpelt went in.

As I neared the rocks, I heard voices talking in a small patch of bushes, so I decided to investigate.

"Let me offer you some advice."

Fireheart?

"Her favorite meal is a freshly-caught rabbit, so get that for her as often as you can. She only likes being groomed by someone else right after her first meal, during sun-high, and as she's falling asleep. Otherwise, she'll groom herself. She'll wake up when she wants to, so don't wake her up unless something is urgent. If she's mad at you, or anyone else, she'll want to go out on a walk. Wait for about 20 seconds, and then follow after her. She'll be fine by then, and you can talk to her about it."

I walked closer to the bushes to look at who Fireheart was talking to. I peeked through a gap in the bushes, seeing Dustpelt with a surprised gaze.

"Do you understand?" Dustpelt nodded, still looking taken aback at Fireheart's words.

At this point, I stepped out, trying to seem as little suspicious as possible.

Fireheart's head snapped towards my direction, his eyes almost scared. "How much of that did you hear?"

I knew I had to act dumb, because otherwise the entire point of his talk with Dustpelt would be erased.

"Hear what?"

Fireheart didn't speak, but other than that his entire face relaxed.

"Nothing, it was a joke. You all want to head back?"

ARGH ITS BEEN A WEEK! And some?

Hope you enjoyed the chapter! It was actually pretty long, 1200 words!

Next question! Which cat gave this prophecy?:

Four will become two. Lion and Tiger will meet in battle, and Blood will rule the forest.

Thanks again for reading!

-Maple

Greystripe's Issue

Heyooooooooo...

Sooooo I have had some..... arguments about the last question. Here:

The answer was Bluestar.

From what I had remembered, Bluestar was the last cat to give Firestar a life. Immediately after that, Firestar has the vision, and a StarClan cat we do not know the name of spoke the prophecy to him.

This was supposed to be a trick question, because I thought we didn't know.

But, now we know that I was wrong.

Thanks!

FIREHEART

I watched from my place in the clearing as Graystripe exited out of the camp without Brackenpaw, yet again.

This, of course wasn't the first time this had happened, but it was starting to annoy me. I decided I would wait for a bit and then follow him.

As I continued eating my water vole, Sandstorm came over to me, and just sat down, an annoyed look in her face. I continued to eat though, paying little attention to her.

When she saw I wasn't asking her what was wrong, she heaved a heavy sigh, and did so again when I continued to ignore her.

She finally seemed to get fed up and took my meal from me, mid bite.

"What was that for?!" Sandstorm snorted.

"Oh I don't know. Maybe you should listen to she-cats when they try to get your attention."

It stayed silent for awhile while I made my mind.

"You know what, I'm good."

Sandstorm's look was now a look cats only use when they are talking to idiots.

Thanks Sandstorm. I really appreciate it.

Hunting?

Wha-why in your mind?

'Cause I can tell what's on your's. We can just go find him together you know.

Greystripe?

Yep.

I looked back over to her, and we padded out of the camp, first heading towards the Riverclan border, as it was the farthest away, so we should tackle that first.

TIME SKIP BROUGHT TO YOU BY ME, A TRUE IDIOT.

As we neared the Riverclan border, we heard hushed voices coming from near the banks.

Stay here, I'll take a look.

I poked my head through a bed of reeds, and saw Greystripe talking to something. I couldn't see what, however. As I strained me head to take a look, my tail rustled a branch and made a noise.

Greystripe's head jerked towards me, and he said, "Whoever is there can come out, we know you're there."

Nice going mouse-brain.

Hey! I didn't see you tying to spy.

Whatever, let's just show ourselves.

Sandstorm and I both walked out of the bushes and padded towards Greystripe. His facial expression changed from an expression of surprise to one of guilt.

"Caught red-handed, huh? So this is what you've been doing?" I looked behind Greystripe and saw a silver she-cat.

Sandstorm must have seen her too, and had an awkward expression on her face. "Hi there..."

The silver cat also looked uncomfortable, but returned the gesture. "Hello. Uh, sorry for almost killing you."

I looked on with utter confusion. Sandstorm must have read my thoughts, as she told me. "She was the one fighting me at the gorge, and she rolled me over."

I nodded in understanding, and walked towards the two, slowly circling around them.

"So, what's your name, Miss?"

The Silver she-cat responded, "Silverstream."

My eyes quickly widened and then went back to normal. I stopped circling and sat down next to Greystripe. "Well well. Looks like you've landed yourself quite a nice one Greystripe. The daughter of Crookedstar."

Greystripe's eyes widened, and he looked between myself and Silverstream. "Wha- really? And you never told me?"

Silverstream lowered her head in guilt. "Yeah, sorry about that. I thought that that would just make things more complicated."

Greystripe still looked mad, but nodded none the less. He padded

over to Silverstream, whispered something in her ear, and walked back towards us.

Silverstream swam away, back into her own territory.

"You need to stop seeing her Greystripe."

"What? Fireheart, I can't just stop seeing her, I love her! What would you do if Spottedleaf was in a different clan and was a warrior?"

I sighed in defeat, and looked over to Sandstorm who seemed to have a expression of panic in her face.

I shrugged it off and led the way back to camp. About halfway back, Greystripe started up quick conversation.

"Please say both of you won't tell anyone. And PLEASE not Tigerclaw. He'd have my tail!"

I nodded immediately, but Sandstorm hesitated, finally nodding after a while.

We walked into camp, and Tigerclaw immediately spoke to us.

"Where were you three! You've been gone almost all day!"

I responded, "We we're out hunting." I tried to hide the growl coming up in my throat.

"And you came back with no prey? Hmph, seems normal for a *kittypet*."

Sandstorm was quick to defend me. "It's just after Leaf-Bare, prey is still scarce. Plus, we didn't catch any prey, why pick on Fireheart, Sir?"

Greystripe finally didn't have a confused look on his face, and instead took this in stride.

Tigerclaw still had an accusing gaze, but before he could respond, Sandstorm walked past him, leaving Greystripe and myself to

follow.

Sandstorm had padded over to the fresh-kill pile, which was in desperate need of replenishing. "This Leaf-Bare has been one of the worst I've seen."

"Yes it has." Bluestar came up to us, "You couldn't find any prey?"

Greystripe turned towards the leader, "No Ma'am, We checked all of Riverclan's border and couldn't find anything." That wasn't completely a lie, we had walked along Riverclan's border for a bit.

Bluestar looked thoughtful. "Hmm. Okay, I'll have Tigerclaw send a patrol out near Sunset to check that border again. While you were out there, did you see any signs of Riverclan moving their scents?"

"No ma'am." It was my turn to respond.

"Very well. Go get some sleep. You look like you need it. I'll ask Tigerclaw to put one of you on the sunset patrol to show the rest of your patrol the borderline and what you saw."

We nodded, and padded off to the Warrior's Den to get some sleep.

Argh sorry for such a long wait! This was what, two weeks?

Also, I just realized how long this might be. If I want to get to all the points I want to make, including the journey, this may be over 60 chapters!

That's gonna take at least another year and a half at my pace...

NEXT QUESTION!!!!!

Who was Brambleclaw's mate's almost-mate's sister's last son?

Sorry it's short, and you may get it easily....

Soooooooooo bye!

-Maple doesn't wear a mask.

Making Up

Who's a bad person?

Maple is!

Why?

'Cause he didn't update!

I'm SOOOOOOOO sorry! I didn't mention it to you guys, but I actually had a huge writers block. Sorry to everyone that was screaming at me through their phones. And the stress with politics didn't really help either.

This chapter is going to be where a bit of the story is changed up.... and I think you'll like it.

The answer to last quiz was Foxleap. Good job to everyone, I think all of you got it right.
🍪 (How's that for a cookie?)

SANDSTORM

Over the past few days, Fireheart and Greystripe seemed to become more and more distant. I wanted to talk to one of them about it, but Fireheart would always say, "I'm busy", and Greystripe would just pointedly ignore me.

And when Fireheart wasn't busy, he was sleeping, so the was never a correct time for me to talk to him.

Dustpelt has been becoming more and more friendly as of late, sharing tongues, giving me prey, and even being slightly nicer to

Fireheart.

I said slightly, right?

Bluestar seemed to have noticed as well, and would try to force them together by putting them in the same patrols. Her efforts weren't successful.

Longtail, surprisingly enough, has stopped being a fox-heart. He seems to steer away from Tigerclaw and Darkstripe. I even saw him sharing prey with Mousefur yesterday. Maybe he's only doing it because of Mousefur though, they seem to be getting awfully close.

I padded up to Tigerclaw to see if there were any patrols available, as I needed something to do.

"Ah, Sandstorm, perfect. I want you on a border patrol with Fireheart and Greystripe. You lead it. Head along the Twoleg-place border. There have been many reports of kittypet scents." Tigerclaw turned away after speaking, talking in a low voice with Goldenflower.

Ah. Great. A patrol with two "best friends" who didn't want to talk to each other. This was going to be absolutely peachy. Also, what's a peach?

TIME SKIP CUZ I SAID SOMETHING FUNNY SO IT WOULD BE ILLEGAL TO CONTINUE

FIREHEART

The "Oh Great One" himself decided to put Greystripe, Sandstorm, and myself on the same patrol. Along the Twoleg-place **(Am I spelling it correctly?)** . It's like he knows I don't want to talk to either of them, and he wants to make me suffer by going on a long patrol along where I used to live with the two people I am really annoyed with.

Led by the talkative one, of course.

"When are you guys going to get over that?" Sandstorm suddenly stopped, and turned to face us, "So Greystripe fell in love with a

Riverclan cat. Big deal? What is there to- oh."

Finally. I thought. She decided to actually take it from my point of view.

Sandstorm recomposed herself, then turned to look at Greystripe. "Don't you think he feel's betrayed? You're leaving him, your best friend, for a Riverclan cat. Don't you think that comes off as betrayal?"

Greystripe bowed his head as Sandstorm lectured him, "Yeah..."

Sandstorm turned to me, "And you have to notify him that that's how you feel! Otherwise he'll just think you're jealous that he found someone to love!"

Now it was my turn to lower my head. "I guess..."

"Now, you two are best friends! Make up."

Greystripe was quicker to forgive, butting his head against my flank, silently apologizing for not noticing my feeling of betrayal. After a few moments, I forgave him as well, rasping a lick over his ear. I lowered my tone, but knew Sandstorm could still hear me in my mind.

"You can keep seeing Silverstream. Just, don't do anything stupid without notifying me. And make sure not to get caught. I don't want you to ever leave me."

Greystripe chuckled, "That seemed like a love confession. But I won't ever leave you, or this clan. No matter what. This is where I belong."

I looked over to Sandstorm to see her smiling, but her eyes weren't sparkling like they normally do. She seemed to be holding something back. Like she wanted to say something, wanted to express her feelings, but she couldn't with one of us here. It was like she knew something we didn't, and was mere seconds away from spilling it.

So, being the graceful, noble hero I am, decided to save her from

that.

"C'mon, we've got a patrol to finish."

And they walked off into a beautiful sunset. THE END.

Alright, that was pretty short, but I wrote the last 600 words in class, and people were demanding a new chapter, so... yeah. Here ya go!

I'm very sorry for not updating, but like previously said I had a writers block, and was dealing with some people on my message board.

NEW QUIZ!!!

What should I do when I hit 100 followers?

The winner will get a follow (If they don't already have it), and full votes on a book of their choice.

-Maple wants Trump.

Idiot

I started writing this one today, and I finished it 2 hours later, but I had to take a Science Test for about 30 minutes. Yay me!

There still isn't an answer to last question, as nobody has actually given an.... appropriate idea.

So no cookie today :'(

Next part! There was a bit of a time-skip, maybe half a book. Another change to the books! Most of you will like it. I hope.

A NOTE! All Prophecy/Things from Starclan will be underlined.

FIREHEART

"YOU WHAT?!"

"I think you heard me Fireheart." Greystripe had a show of confidence is his face, despite the nervousness that was probably inside him.

"So let me get this straight", I said, "I tell you not to go do anything stupid without telling me, and then BOOM! Silverstream is pregnant with your kits."

"Yep." Greystripe was probably dying inside right now.

"You idiot. How in Starclan's name are you supposed to be with

your kits and stay here? You're not the type to shy away from responsibility."

"Can we not talk about this now? Let's get back to camp, we've been gone all day."

"Fine. But this is main topic discussion tomorrow morning. Do you want Sandstorm in on it?"

"Fine with me. But break it to her in a... calm way. We can't have Ms. Talkative screaming just outside of camp because you told her suddenly."

We were on our way back, and Greystripe scented a vole. He told me he was going to go off to catch it, and then he'd meet me back at camp. I told him that I would wait, but he was stubborn and made me go.

When I arrived in camp, I immediately went to my nest, as it was late, and I was tired. I didn't feel like waiting for Greystripe, and I was sure he wouldn't mind if I went to sleep without waiting for him to come back.

I closed my eyes, and sleep quickly overcame me.

I woke up, sunlight poking at my eyelids.

Ugh, morning already?

When I opened my eyes, however, I was anywhere but my den. Lush fields of grass and small flowers filled my vision. Then suddenly, everything turned black.

Dull will not leave Vibrant, but a Gloss may finish them off, unless light holds the two two's.

My vision immediately returned, and in front of me was Spottedleaf.

"Spottedleaf! It's been so long!" I ran towards her a put my head on

her flank, breathing in her scent.

"It has, Fireheart, but I'm afraid I cannot stay. I merely came to deliver the warning."

"What? You mean prophecy?"

"No Fireheart. This isn't a prophecy from Starclan. This is a warning from me."

She started to fade away, and my first instinct was to call out to her, but based on pass experiences I know that never worked.

"Until we meet again Fireheart."

I awoke to a prod in my side, and looked up to see Dustpelt. "C'mon. Hunting patrol. You and me."

"Tigerclaw told you I'm guessing?"

He snorted. "Surprisingly no. This is my idea. C'mon, we're leaving."

I was largely surprised, but I didn't have enough brain space to think about it, because the words still rang in my head.

Dull will not leave Vibrant, but a Gloss may finish them off, unless Light holds the two two's.

Dull and Vibrant? Those aren't nouns, they're adjectives... and gloss? Oh, I know what that is. It's like a shiny touch. But the last part? Huh, I have no idea.

I got up, quickly groomed myself, and padded out over to where Dustpelt was standing.

"Where are we heading?"

Dustpelt shrugged, and turned to where the Dawn Patrol had just entered the camp.

"Hey, where did you guys go?"

Mousefur, who was leading the patrol, turned to face us. "We went

along Windclan. They've been pretty quiet lately. Their borders are marked well, but no signs of patrols."

Darkstripe spoke up, "Maybe they're too cowardly to face us!"

"Or they just send their patrols out earlier than we do." I responded.

Darkstripe looked at me with a face full of pure hate.

"C'mon Fireheart, we'll go where they went."

And with that, we padded out.

TIIIIIIIIMMMMMMMEEEEEE SSKIIIIIIPPPPPPPPP JUST CUZ I WANNA

"So what's up with you? Why have you been acting so nice to me?" I asked when we were a good distance away from camp.

He responded quickly, "I could ask the same about you with Sandstorm", He turned around to face me, "But I won't. I assume we both have the same reasons."

I didn't need to be a genius to figure out what he was talking about. Then of course, in the most baby-like voice I could muster, I said, "She started it!"

"... BWAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!" Dustpelt fell on the ground and started rolling around on the ground in a fit of laughter.

I smiled, knowing I had done something funny.

I nosed him up. "C'mon, let's get some prey. We'll call our squabbles even. And also, let Sandstorm choose." I smiled, coming up with an insult, "I'm sure you'll find someone else."

He crouched in anger. "Oh, you did not."

I stood up straight a put a smug smile on my face. "So what if I

did?"

He paused, knowing I had just teased him. He smacked me over the head with his tail. "Good one."

SANDSTORM

"Hey Greystripe, do you know where Fireheart went? I was going to ask him something."

Greystripe looked up from his nest, drowsiness still obvious in his eyes. "No, he wasn't here when I woke up. You could try asking the dawn patrol, though."

"Okay, thanks!"

I had had a sudden boost of confidence, and was finally going to tell Fireheart, well, you know what, but that was a *wee* bit hard when I couldn't find him.

I walked up to Tigerclaw, "Hey, who went on the dawn patrol?"

He turned around, and looked down at me. "I don't remember who went on it, but I know Mousefur led it."

"Okay, thanks!" Wow did those words sound weird to say to Tigerclaw.

Mousefur was biting into a mouse when I got to her.

"Do you know where Fireheart went?"

She nodded he head and then made a blowing motion with her paw.

"Windclan border?" She nodded.

"Thanks!"

TTTTTTTIIIIIIIIMMMMMMMEEEEEE SKIIIP CUZ WALKING IS BORING (THANKS FOR 25 CHAPTERS OF IT ERINS)

As I approached the Windclan border, I heard voices chatting.

When I turned a corner, I saw a patrol of Windclan cats.

I decided to ignore them, but gave a friendly wave with my tail. Two of the three cats waved back, an apprentice and what looked to be her mentor.

I continued sprinting along the Windclan border, panting heavily. I saw a few smaller groups of Windclan, but ignored them as well, unless they waved to me.

When I approaching Fourtrees, I heard two voices casually chatting, like they were the best of friends. It was only when I poked my head around the bush did I recognize the voices.

FIREHEART AND DUSTPELT!? WHAT THE-

Sandstorm, what do you need?

I mentally face-pawed. I'm such an idiot.

I padded towards them. "So, all hard feelings are gone?"

Dustpelt responded, "Well, mostly. There's still one thing we're going to fight over."

"Which is...?" What? I'm a curious cat!

"Something that you don't need to know about. Like Dustpelt said, WE are fighting. Not you."

I chuckled and shook my head. "Toms. Okay, grab whatever prey you have and let's head back."

To my surprise, they had a large amount of prey, and I had to help carry some of it back. We padded back to camp, my question to ask Fireheart completely forgotten.

1200 WORDS!!!!!!! NEW RECORD!!!!

I gave you guys a shorter chapter last time, so I wrote a longer one today. Hope y'all liked it!

I also just wanted to say something about things going on in the book.

The Mind-reading thing is a bit of a weird addition, but hear me out. You know the connection Squirrelflight and Leafpool have? I thought that that was a cool feature for the Erins to add, so I decided to build on that, and where it came from. So spoiler, the mind-reading thing that Fireheart and Sandstorm have is where Squirrelflight and Leafpool got their connection.

Quiz..... Why don't you guys quiz me this time! Just type this quiz in the comments and I'll respond to them! And it doesn't have to be about Warriors. It can be about real-world stuff! Just no personal information, please.

- Maple actually updated

The Little Things, and of Course Synonyms

Another decently quick update. I seem to be rolling out chapters now, I guess it's kind of a debt I owe to you guys.

Also, since I got no new ideas for the 100 follower things, we will be doing two! A Q&A book where I will respond to all of your questions, and a Truth or Dare book with all of the characters from FirepawxSandpaw!

Congrats @DauntlessShadowIce1 **and** @Midget_horse **! I'll follow you guys after I release this, and then I'll contact you guys about what book you want me to give votes on.**

By the way, there has been a time-skip. 'Bout half a book or so.

Anyways, new chapter! And a HUGE change from the original books again.

FIREHEART

It's been almost three moons since Greystripe told me about Silverstream, and when the Prophecy-Warning was given to me from Spottedleaf.

I've seen Silverstream on border patrols, which is weird because she should be in the nursery now, but she's doing a decent job of hiding her pregnancy.

The warning has been bugging me, nagging at the back of my head, and dying to be let out to someone. I was going to tell Bluestar, but I feel like she isn't part of this prophecy, so telling her would basically be pointless.

I still haven't told Sandstorm, and I'm planning on it sometime today, but I want Greystripe to be there to defend himself.

Otherwise, she would bombard me with questions, half of which I would not be able to answer.

But before all of that, Greystripe wanted to take me to go see Silverstream with him. And he told me that apparently they had made nicknames for each other. So that was going to be most of my day.

"You coming Fireheart? I want to leave now, get some hunting done beforehand." Greystripe had come over from his den, and his eyes were gleaming with excitement.

I turned to him, my mind still working overtime, thinking about how to act around Silverstream. Should I act nice? Hostile? Polite? "Yeah, just give me a second to groom myself." I didn't really need a grooming, but I had things to think about. I think Greystripe knew that as well, but didn't press.

I groomed myself, and as I was grooming, decided I would treat Silverstream nicely and with respect. She was Crookedstar's daughter after all.

"Okay, I'm ready. Let's go." And we started to head out.

As we were, however, Sandstorm saw us and walked over. "Hey, where are you guys going? Can I come?"

I looked to Greystripe. It was his mate, and his decision. "Fine with me", he said, and looked intently at Sandstorm, "But don't embarrass me. I'm still the dumb one."

Sandstorm and I laughed, and we padded out. For real this time.

TTTTTTIIIIIIIIIMMMMMMMMEEEE SKIIIPPPPPPPPP!!!!!!!! But not that long, only about 10 minutes.

As we neared the Riverclan border, I told Sandstorm to go ahead, as I had to talk with Greystripe. As soon as Sandstorm was out of earshot, I turned to Greystripe. "I got a warning from Starclan the day you told me about Silverstream."

"What? And you never told me? And don't you mean prophecy?" He

honestly looked betrayed.

"That's not important. It was from Spottedleaf, and it was a warning specifically from her.. It read: *Dull will not leave vibrant, but a gloss may finish them off, unless light holds the two two's.*"

Greystripe just looked at me, confused. "That makes no sense whatsoever."

I just unintentionally aggravated, and yelled, "It doesn't have to make sense! Prophecies and warnings are given in riddles so that the cats they are given to take awhile to figure them out, and don't try to defy them!"

Greystripe took a cautious step back, "Okay, okay. We can talk about this later. Right now, let's go see Silverstream."

As we neared the "rendezvous" point, as Greystripe called it, we heard, and later saw, Sandstorm and Silverstream, casually talking like they've known each other all their lives.

"Seems like you two have made up quite nicely." Greystripe had a wide grin on his face.

Sandstorm turned around to face us. "Yeah, Silverstream is awesome! I don't know what you don't like about her Fireheart."

I shook my head, and Greystripe turned to me and whispered in my ear, "Good to see my mate and your soon-to-be mate get along. Would be a shame if they didn't."

I looked at him, and he had that wide grin again. There was no point hiding it from him, he was my best friend, and apparently found out. "Do I really make it that obvious?" Greystripe shook his head.

"I just see the little things. Why don't you go and talk to her about it sometime?"

"Are you crazy? She hated me most of her apprenticeship, and has grown friendlier, but not so much as to where she would be my mate."

Greystripe shook his head, chuckling like I was an embarrassed kit. "Whatever, c'mon, let's go talk to those two."

We walked up to the she-cats, who looked our way. "Hey Boring!" Silverstream yelled to Greystripe.

"Hey Shine!" Greystripe sped up a bit to get to them faster.

I sped up a bit as well, not wanting to be left behind.

"How's the Clan of Light doing?"

I tuned out the second Silverstream said that, I focused on the outline of a cat that was behind her. It came into better I view, and I saw a tortoiseshell pelt. *Spottedleaf! But what is she- OH!*

A look of realization dawned across my face.

Boring and Shine! Boring is a synonym for Dull, and Shine is a synonym of Gloss! The Clan of Light is Thunderclan! Which means that the two two's means... Silverstream and Greystripe, and Sandstorm and I! But Vibrant...

You idiot.

Sandstorm? How do you know about the warning?

It's all that's on your mind.

Ah. Now, stop reading my mind.

Gotcha.

Sandstorm looked from me back to Silverstream and Greystripe,who were deep in conversation

So them if I'm Vibrant, and the warning is Dull will not leave Vibrant, but a gloss could finish them off, unless light holds the two two's. So then Greystripe will not leave me, but Silverstream could finish off our friendship, unless Thunderclan holds Sandstorm and I, as well as Greystripe and- I GOT IT!!

By now everyone had finished talking, and was looking at me. "What?" I asked.

Silverstream spoke first, "You were bowing your head, eyes closed, and looked in deep thought."

Greystripe spoke now, "Yeah, are you okay?" I looked to Sandstorm, who was standing behind the others. She smirked and tilted her head towards Silverstream. I gave a small nod.

"Yeah, I'm fine. You guys head back and do some hunting. I'll catch up. I haven't talked to Silverstream yet, and would like to."

Greystripe looked very confused. But Silverstream nodded, and Sandstorm led him away.

As soon as their tails disappeared behind the brush, I turned to Silverstream. She was looking at me weirdly. "I thought you hate me."

I shook my head. "Hated. I do need to tell you something, however."

Now she really looked confused. Sadly, what I was about to say was going to make her even more confused.

"You need to join Thunderclan."

ANNNNDD CLIFFHANGER!!! Another 1200 worder!

Well, kinda.

Yayzies! I have a really good streak of updating!

Anyway, thank you for reading. Tell me if you got what the warning meant before I updated.

New quiz..... hmmm.

OOO! I got it!

How many of you will do the Truth and Dare book when it comes out?

See you soon!

- Maple

Lullaby

Hello again!

This chapter is just going to be a continuation of the last, with Silverstream and Fireheart talking. Also, I'm going to say something here that I didn't mention in previous chapters.

Thank you to all who said they were going to do the Truth or Dare thing! Look for it to be published soon!

I'm all out of cookies... sorry. Hee hee.

My dog did it.

FIREHEART

"Pardon me?" Silverstream looked like she could go into labor here and now.

"I believe you heard me, Silverstream. You need to join Thunderclan."

"On what prerogative?"

"On the fact that I got a warning, yes, a warning, not a prophecy, from Spottedleaf, that Greystripe will leave me for you, unless you join Thunderclan."

"So? Why should I care about your feelings? Greystripe can come and join Riverclan."

I took a deep breath, frustrated that she wasn't cooperating as well as I thought she would. "Because otherwise, you are going to die."

Silverstream took a long pause, shocked, but remained in the same posture. "I'm sorry?"

"Look, I didn't tell Greystripe because I knew he was going to worry too much, and that would stress you out. So instead, I'm telling you in a much calmer manner that, according to Starclan, if you don't join Thunderclan, you will die in childbirth."

Silverstream looked down, and then looked up at the stars, which were beginning to show, telling just how long we had been talking.

She sighed, and then looked at me with a fiery gaze. "The night after the gathering, I want you, and only you, to meet me at Fourtrees. I'll come into Thunderclan then. I don't want a word of this breathed to anyone. This is to be a complete secret until it passes."

"Silverstream, I'm going to have to tell Bluestar before you come in, we both know that."

She sighed again, and closed her eyes. "Are you sure she can be trusted?"

I smiled out of pride for my leader. "Positive."

She nodded, and without a word, started walking back towards her camp.

I looked up to the stars, only to see the moon rising slowly.

Wow, I've been out here awhile. I guess it's time to head back.

I padded back to camp slowly, enjoying the changing colors of leaf-fall and even catching an unlucky mouse.

"BOO!"

"AIEEEEEEEEEE!" I screeched as loud as I could, most likely waking any sleeping kits and giving them nightmares.

I looked over, fur still on end, to see Longtail on the ground, laughing, and a smirking Mousefur behind him. I quickly smoothed

down my fur, and gave my chest a few embarrassed licks.

Mousefur's whiskers twitched, which was unusual for her. These two really must be changing. "He got you pretty good, I've gotta say."

I rolled my eyes and looked back down at Longtail, who was still laughing. "Yeah, he did."

"You-HICCUP-should've seen-HICCUP-the look on your-HICCUP-face!" Longtail was still laughing, but it was dying down, and hiccups were replacing it.

I face-pawed. "What are you guys even doing out here?"

Mousefur looked down, obviously hiding something from me. "Just some night hunting for the clan."

I smirked, knowing she was lying, as well as having the knowledge of exactly what they were planning to do. "Uh-huh, I see. Well, if your 'night-hunting' then take back my mouse. So far you don't seem like you've caught anything." I shoved my mouse over to Mousefur, as Longtail was still recovering from his hiccups.

Mousefur gave an embarrassed nod, again, odd, especially for her attitude, and took the mouse, prodding Longtail to get up. I left them to "hunting" and started padding back to camp, more alert of my surroundings now.

Once I reached camp, I saw nearly everyone was asleep, except for Whitestorm, who was on guard. We nodded greetings to each other, and I headed straight towards my nest.

Once I reached my nest, I did a quick circle around it to warm it, and then laid down. I must have woken someone up, as I heard shuffling, and then felt soft licks across my back. I was too tired to care, so I let the cat continue, lulling me off into a dreamless sleep.

SANDSTORM

I awoke with my head on Fireheart's back, and I immediately went into panic mode.

Suddenly, all of last nights events came back to me. The talk with Silverstream, Fireheart staying behind, hunting with Greystripe, and later Brindleface, and then falling asleep, only to have been woken up by Fireheart, and then soothing him to sleep with rhythmic licks.

My startled state must have woken up, because he had groggily opened his eyes.

"Huh? What's-Sandstorm? What are you doing here? Why are you laying next to me?"

I quickly stood up and blushed. "N-Nothing."

A look of realization swept across Fireheart's face. "Oh! You were the one who lulled me to sleep last night, weren't you?" I gave a quick nod. "Thanks, I really needed that."

I gave a quick nod again and padded out of the Warrior's den to find the camp bustling with activity. I quickly went over to where Whitestorm was standing, but he shooed me away, "I was on guard last night Sandstorm. Let me get a bit of rest."

I sighed, but nodded nonetheless, walking over to where my mother was. But she too shooed me away, her excuse "Bearing kits is a tiring experience Sandstorm. We went hunting last night, let me rest."

I turned away and rolled my eyes, not out of disrespect, but annoyance. Instead I padded back over to where Fireheart was coming out of the den, and head-butted him. "Hunting?" I asked, desperate for a positive response.

He sighed. "Give me a bit. I need to speak to Bluestar real quick." I sighed in relief. It may not be immediate, but at least I had something to do today.

As I waited for Fireheart to come out of Bluestar's den, I sat down and bit into a small mouse. I looked over to the fresh-kill pile, only to see a pile, well, calling it a pile is an overstatement, with a few pieces of prey.

Prey is dwindling already. This may be a bad leaf-bare.

Tell me about it. I looked over to see Fireheart walking back towards me, away from Bluestar's den.

"All done with your business with her?" I said smirking, remembering a time Greystripe told me about when I was an apprentice.

Fireheart rolled his eyes. "You guys are never going to let that go, are you?" I shook my head, and he sighed. "Yes I finished. Now, let me help you finish your mouse." He bent down to take a bite.

I quickly took mine away. "Go get your own!"

Fireheart looked at the Fresh-kill pile, and I could feel his surprise. "You know what Sandstorm? I'm not really that hungry. Let's go hunting."

I quickly finished my meal, and Fireheart helped me stand up. I almost snorted, but didn't. Then we padded out into the colorful forest.

SOOOOOOO SORRY! That was a really boring chapter.

I'm gonna pretend I didn't write the part with Longtail and Mousefur....

Ahh great, now I need a new quiz!

Hmmmm. Let's do a basic one.

Who is Alderheart's mother's father's father's friend's successor's daughter's first crush's mate's mother's friend?

Pretty long, but I think you'll get it.

The 100 follower Q&A is up, as covers are due is 4 days! Go check it out!

See ay soon!

-Maple gets to go in person on Monday. HIGH SCHOOL BABY!!

Fourtrees

OKAYYYYYYYY NEW CHAPTER!

Last one was pretty boring, maybe I'll add a bit more into this one. Maybe.

The election hasn't ended yet, and it's too close to call any winners. But as of now, it is looking more like Trump.

I don't really know exactly whats going to happen in this chapter, I'm just gonna go with the flow. I do expect the end of the book to be the end of this year or early next year.

The answer to the last question was Leafpool! Here's a cookie for all of you, as I don't think anyone got it wrong.

(::)

SANDSTORM

The camp had been really dull lately. There wasn't any activity apart from patrols and the occasional cat getting a meal. The cold had set in early, and you could already see evidence of it on the trees surrounding the camp. Kits stayed with their mothers in the Nursery, apprentices and elders huddled together in their respective dens to keep warm, and most of the warriors just stayed asleep most of the day, unless they had an apprentice to train.

Last night was the gathering, so there was something other than patrols and training sessions for awhile.

I had asked everyone I felt comfortable with asking to go hunting with me, except for Dustpelt and Bluestar. I did not feel like going out with Dustpelt, because that would be weird, so the last option

was Bluestar.

Just go talk to her. I'm sure she won't mind. I turned to see Fireheart standing at the entrance to the warrior's den.

And what about you? Do you want to come with us?

Fireheart smiled. *I'll leave you two to it, unless Bluestar wants me to come, but I have a feeling that she won't.*

I was very confused, but nodded to Fireheart and continued to Bluestar's den.

When I entered, I saw Bluestar laying on her nest, eyes open, just staring at the wall, as if lost in a dream. "Bluestar?" She blinked a few times, and then looked at me. "Are you okay?"

She shook her head around, rubbed one of her eyes, and then looked at me. "Yeah, I'm just think back to when I was a warrior. Something came up that reminds me of it."

I nodded, and ran a paw across the ground. "Okay... Care for some hunting?"

Bluestar stood up and walked pass me, looking out into the camp. After a few seconds, she turned back around and looked at me. "Sure, is anyone else coming?"

"Not unless you want anyone to come."

Bluestar nodded. "The only person I'd want coming on this hunting session would be Fireheart, but he said he wanted to rest up throughout the day. Said he had something to do tonight."

I must've looked confused, because then Bluestar told me, "He said that I was only cat to know."

I was even more confused now, but I didn't feel like asking anymore questions, because we were already coming up on a good area for hunting.

"I smell a squirrel. You go around it, I'll drive it to you."

Night had come, and I seemed to be the only one awake, which was perfect. I rose up from my nest at the back of the den, and headed out. Bluestar met me halfway. "Where are we going to keep her for the night?"

I thought for a second before responding. "My nest and Sandstorm's nest are at the back of the den. We could make a den for her there, and she'd be pretty well hidden."

"But what about Sandstorm?"

"I'm pretty sure she won't mind. From what I know, she'd be ecstatic. they've become really good friends." Bluestar nodded, and padded back to her den.

I started walking to Fourtrees, thinking about things that could happen when Silverstream joined.

I wonder how Crookedstar would respond. His only surviving family leaving his clan, because, as I've been told, his mate and other kit died of green-cough moons ago.

Leopardfur would probably be furious, but that's just how she is. And most of Riverclan would probably be sad.

I don't really know how our clan would react. Bluestar, Greystripe, Sandstorm and myself would be happy about it, because Bluestar seemed excited. Darkstripe and Tigerclaw wouldn't like it, and I'm not sure about Longtail, but I'm pretty sure the rest of the clan won't really care.

By this time I had arrived at Fourtrees, and Silverstream was already there, waiting patiently. She started jogging over to me when she saw me, and I decided to give her a brief idea of what was going to happen.

"You're going to sleep at the back of the warriors den, behind Sandstorm and myself. Nobody should be able to see you. In the morning, Bluestar will call a clan meeting to wake everyone up, and then she will welcome you into the clan. I think most of the clan

will be fine with you joining. Aside from my preferences and previous anger, I think you're a great cat. You'll be fine in the nursery." She nodded.

Despite that briefing, Silverstream still looked anxious. I suppose it was best to just get it over with.

"You'll also probably be set as an apprentice to someone for a moon or two, just to learn our ways and the territory."

She looked at me with a worried glance. "Can you ask Bluestar to appoint me to someone who will like me, and not one of the hateful cats?"

I smiled. "I already have. You'll be apprenticed to Goldenflower. She's very accepting, and has been a queen a few times, so that'll be even better for you."

We had reached the camp, and I was very happy that Bluestar had appointed herself to the guard. She smiled at Silverstream and said a quiet hello, and we continued on our way.

After we settled into our nests, I made sure Silverstream was asleep, and then quietly woke up Sandstorm. She woke up groggily, and I pointed to Silverstream. She looked shocked, but quickly understood, seeming to realize what the warning meant.

Sandstorm quickly fell asleep against me, and I quietly laid my tail over her back, vowing to wake up early so that she didn't notice.

OKAYZIES!!!

This chapter came out on Wednesday, just as promised.

Bad news to everyone.... my Governor, and are her little lackeys, are making me go back to online schooling. Everything sucks right now.

No, I do NOT need comfort.

But good news, this means I can update more often because I know all of the material taught in a few of my classes. that's

what happens when you switch from a charter school to a public one.

I needs a new quiz.....

OKAY! I'LL DO TWO!

1. Who should I like more, Bluestar or Leafpool? Yes, I have been having second thoughts.

2. I'm going to change my background picture. What should it be?

Okay, until next time!

- Maple hates his life right now.

Everyone, Meet Silverstream

A quick update!

Yeah, new chapters will be coming out faster now.

I'm thinking maybe 5-7 chapters more, and then this book is finished.

There was both a "Leafypool" and "Bloostar" answer to the last question, and a really good idea for my background.

ANYWAY!!! New chapter! Everyone gets to meet Silverstream!

Also.... EVERYONE GETS A COOKIE!! NO, TWO COOKIES!!!

(::) (::)

FIREHEART

I awoke before most cats, it seems, my tail still draped over Sandstorm. I quickly stood up, so that she wouldn't notice, and moved away.

These actions seemed to wake her up though, as she groggily opened her eyes to look around. When her eyes landed on Silverstream, they widened, and then went back to normal after she remembered what happened last night.

Suddenly, a yowl rang out. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather beneath the high-rock for a clan meeting!" Bluestar sat calmly on the high-rock, but her eyes showed anything but calmness.

Cats padded out of their dens, slowly gathering together around where Bluestar sat.

Sandstorm and I padded out of the warriors den with Silverstream, who had just woken up, following closely behind us. We got a few weird looks from cats who had woken up just a few seconds ago.

Sandstorm and I sat near the center of the gathered circle, and Silverstream padded to the dead center. I still haven't seen Greystripe at all. That isn't necessarily good news.

"As many of you may have already seen. We have had someone come into our camp."

I don't know who, but some said "No, really?"

Bluestar replied. "Shut up Darkstripe. No one cares about you."

"Awwwwww."

Bluestar cleared her throat, and continued talking. "Silverstream here has decided to join Thunderclan, for private reasons. And Darkstripe, I don't want to hear anything from you. She is not a kittypet, she is a Riverclan warrior who merely decided to join our clan."

This time, Brindleface spoke up. "But Leaf-bare is coming Bluestar! Are you sure it's a good idea to bring her into the clan?"

Bluestar became angry. "Brindleface! I would expect you to be more keen! Can't you see that she is Pregnant?" Many cats gasped, a few quickly changing their minds about Silverstream joining their clan.

Some of the queens even moved closer to Silverstream, looking like they wanted to protect her.

"Sorry Silverstream, we didn't notice!"

"Let's get you into the nursery."

"When are you due?"

The last one came from Brightpaw, who looked genuinely curious.

Silverstream smiled and looked down at the younger cat. "I actually

don't know. The only people who knew in Riverclan were the queens. I never told Mudfur."

That triggered Yellowfang's sense of reason, and she quickly called Silverstream into her den.

Bluestar spoke up again, even after cats had started to scatter from the meeting. "There will be no disrespect to Silverstream, or you will be given apprentice duties for a moon, mainly cleaning the elder's ticks."

"Hey! Cleaning us of our ticks isn't that bad!" Halftail was brave enough to speak up.

"Yeah it is!" That was a chorused response from the majority of the clan. Even Ashkit piped in.

I finally found Greystripe sitting at the edge of the camp. He was just staring straight ahead, his eyes lost in some sort of imaginary world.

"Surprise." I spoke in a soft tone.

He shook his head and turned to look at me. "Why'd you bring her into the clan?"

I looked at him like he was an idiot. "Really? You don't remember the warning?" Realization swept across his face. "They also told me something else, but it's private, so you don't need to know."

He put on a begging face, but I just chuckled, shook my head, and padded over to Yellowfang's den.

Silverstream and Yellowfang were standing off to the side of the den, talking.

Silverstream looked over to me. "Oh, hi Fireheart!" I dipped my head in her direction, and looked over to Yellowfang.

"I have a small stomach ache. Any herbs to help?" Yellowfang came over to check me, putting a paw on my chest and stomach.

"Give it a few hours. I think it's just the change in the amount of food you're taking in. When was the last time you ate?"

I took a second to think. "Yesterday at sun-high." Yellowfang's eyes widened.

"That's the cause of your stomach ache then. Go eat something." Then she lowered her voice. "Thanks for bringing her to the clan. Greystripe's mood has already changed for the better. And if you were wondering, she's due in two moons."

I nodded my head, padding out into the clearing and grabbing a decent-sized mouse, then I settled down next to Whitestorm, digging into my mouse.

"How are you and Sandstorm doing?" Whitestorm was looking at me.

I quickly swallowed, and responded. "Well...Uh... I don't really know. I was thinking about asking her a few moons ago, but the chance never came up."

Whitestorm nodded and looked over to Bluestar's den. "Bluestar's catching on to you. You have to make your move soon before she does it for you."

I nodded. "Yeah, I just haven't gotten the right opportunity. We haven't gone hunting together for days, and now she's busy with helping Silverstream."

Whitestorm stood up. "Well, I have to go. I'm leading a sun-high patrol, and I want to clear some things up with Tigerclaw." My claws flexed at the mention of his name.

Whitestorm looked down at my claws, and I was worried he'd press, but he didn't and just walked over to where Tigerclaw was talking with Mousefur. I followed, deciding to join in on some sort of patrol.

Alright, that one was somewhere around 900 words.

Homework is piling up, so I don't know how often I'll be able to update. Sorry...

NEW QUIZ!

In what book did Speckletail become an elder?

That was random....

I just realized that this entire chapter was Fireheart.

Okay, 'til next time!

-Maple

Thunderbird

HEWWOOOOO!!

I IS HERE!!!!!

WITH A NEW CHAPTER!!!

Everyone - STOP SCREAMING YOU IDIOT!!

Oh.....

The answer to the last quiz was A Dangerous Path. Someone got it right, I can't remember who.

Sorry person.

Here's a cookie!

(::)

SANDSTORM

I've seen Fireheart continuously trying to get my attention, but I've been too busy helping Silverstream settle in to respond. Getting her in the nursery, meeting all of the cats, and even teaching her a bit of our history, I've had barely any free time.

As far as I could tell, she was coming along quite well with Goldenflower, although the stayed away from sparring, as that could hurt the kits. Bluestar said she wouldn't have a proper warrior ceremony, since she already had a name, but she would still be recognized in some sort of ceremony.

I was told that Silverstream was having two kits, but her and Greystripe had yet to come up with names.

I had heard Silverstream mention wanting to name one of them in honor of Thunderclan, but she couldn't come up with anything. I

had an idea, but I wanted them to name it. Maybe I'll mention it to Silverstream later.

Greystripe still hasn't been talking that much to Silverstream, or really helping out at al. I assume he's still calming down from the shock, as we did this without him knowing. He'll probably be back to his normal self soon.

I hope.

If not, Silverstream would basically be raising two kits in an unfamiliar clan with no father.

Yeah, not exactly ideal.

Silverstream was coming out of the medicine den, after getting a quick check-up from Yellowfang. "I've been here for a moon and I'm already starting to get sick of her."

I offered Silverstream a smile and responded. "Yeah, she can be pretty annoying at first, but some like Fireheart called her their second mother." Silverstream looked at me like I was crazy. "Hey, toms are weird!"

Se moved her head in a "yeah, you have a point" gesture, and starting heading towards the fresh-kill pile, which was as small as ever.

"Hey, I came up with a name for one of the kits, but I wanted to make sure you were okay with it."

I looked over to Silverstream. "Oh, really? What is it?"

"I was thinking something like Stormkit." My eyes widened. No way!

"I was trying to find a good time to ask you, but that's exactly what I was thinking!"

Silverstream smiled and nudged me. "Great minds think alike, huh?"

I chuckled as I picked out a rabbit for us to share.

All the sudden, Silverstream tensed up, and her eyes wet wide. She started panting, and looked at me.

"Kit's-*pant*-coming early. Get Yellow-*pant*-fang."

I panicked, getting up and sprinting over to where Yellowfang's den was. "Silverstream's kits are coming early! She needs help."

Yellowfang looked at me surprisingly calmly, and nodded. "Grab someone else and move her into the nursery. I'll be there soon."

I padded out and grabbed Runningwind, and we led Silverstream to the nursery. Yellowfang came in shortly after, and I padded out, passing Greystripe on the way.

TIME-SKIP HERE BECAUSE I'M REALLY NOT COMFORTABLE WRITING BIRTH SCENES.

I padded back into the nursery after a few minutes, to see Silverstream sleeping peacefully with two kits nestled in the nook of her belly. Greystripe was wrapped around her, his head resting on his side, his eyes wide open.

He looked up and saw me, then smiled. "Sandstorm, meet Stormkit and Featherkit."

It was my turn to smile as I crouched down and gave each kit a lick.

Fireheart ran in, panting. "I just came from Sunningrocks. What happened?"

Greystripe's grin spread. "Silverstream gave birth to these kits here." He laid his tail over each of them in turn. "This is Stormkit and Featherkit."

Fireheart bent down to look at the kits more closely. "Two wonderful names for two wonderful kits."

I looked over to Fireheart watching the kits with adoration in his eyes. I had thoughts nagging at the back of my brain, but even just thinking them would expose too much to Fireheart.

It has something to do with kits. That's all you need to know. And also Fireheart. But that kind of goes without saying.

I softly nuzzled my head against Silverstream's in a friendly manner, and padded out of the den to see Cinderpaw struggling across the clearing. I quickly ran over to help her. "Where are you headed?"

She grunted, but kept moving nonetheless. "I want to see Silverstream's kits. I've got nothing better to do, and have gotten decently friendly with her since she joined."

I nodded. "They are very cute." I tried to put the context better for her age.

I continued leading Cinderpaw to the nursery, and as soon as she walked in, she gasped in amazement. It had been awhile since any new kits were born, although Brindleface was due in a few days. So the joy of seeing new kits was even greater, especially for a young'n' such as Cinderpaw.

"Awwwwwww! They're so cute!"

"SHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Silverstream and the kits were both sleeping, and everyone wanted them to have a nice rest. Greystripe was still resting next to Silverstream, a protective look in his eyes.

"Cinderpaw, try to keep it down. The moment you get a few tail-lengths away from the nursery, then you can scream in joy as loud as you would like. But for now, try to keep it down while the kits are still sleeping." Greystripe briefly lifted his head up and off of Silverstream.

I led Cinderpaw out of the nursery after she had taken a good look at each of the kits. When we arrived back to the medicine den. I let her down, and she sighed, looking at her leg.

I immediately noticed this, and asked her, "What's wrong?"

"I know I'm never going to be able walk again. You guys don't have to hide it from me. What sucks is that I can't have a mate or kits."

She laid her head down on her paws, and looked to the outside of the medicine den, where the camp was bustling with the news of new kits.

"So what?" I said, trying to improve her mood. "That doesn't mean you're useless. Just because you can't walk normally doesn't mean you're a burden. Sure, you may think you are, but what would some cats think? Fireheart and Brackenpaw would be devastated. Frostfur would be sad and overwork herself trying to please you. And I know that I would hate myself.

"So even if you think of yourself of useless, there is always a way to pull through. Just don't give up."

I promised some of you that I would have this up today, so here ya go!

Only a few more chapters before this book is finished!

ALSO, after the Time-skip I said that birth lasted a few minutes. Yes, I know that average human birth takes hours, including labor. Cat birth is much shorter, in many cases shorter than an hour. This is a FanFiction, so I just shortened the time to work from me.

New QUIZ!!

What do you think the title stood for?

No, you do NOT get any hints.

-Maple Officially Hates His Governor.

Oh wait, that's not news.....

-Maple likes caramel

I don't even know...

Hello my friends!

This is the third to last chapter. Next one will be big, and then the one after that is the finale.

The answer to the last quiz was pretty simple. Thunder stood for Stormkit and Bird for Featherkit. And Thunderbird is a common mascot, so..... yeah.

Since this is the third to last chapter, it won't be super long, 900 words at the most.

Sowy.

THIS IS VERY, VERY IMPORTANT!!!!!

THERE HAS BEEN A MAJOR TIME-SKIP. WE WERE JUST IN FOREST OF SECRETS**, WE ARE NOW IN** A DANGEROUS PATH**!!**

I'm posting this before anyone responded to the question, so no one gets a cookie.

Except for poor Dustpelt.

Here ya go bud:

(::)

FIREHEART

With my new Deputy duties, my life had become way busier than it had ever been. Just yesterday little Snowkit was carried off by a hawk, and I feel like it was partly my fault. I wasn't there for him, and I just watched as he got carried off, not even attempting to leap

at the hawk and drag him down.

Sure, I had sent Brackenfur after the hawk to try to chase it down, but I knew that it wasn't going to work, I just did it to calm Speckletail down a little. She had now become an elder, but didn't really seem to like me anymore.

Well, she didn't like me in the first place, but still. I'm the deputy now. It means more to me.

Now I feel like I've let my clan down, and the elders aren't sure about me as well, because I was chosen as Deputy after midnight, a few hours after Tigerclaw betrayed us.

The only one who's been the is Sandstorm. Greystripe and Silverstream were too preoccupied with their kits to care about how I was doing as Deputy.

I padded back to the warriors den after I finished dishing out patrol duties. I was looking to wake up Sandstorm and then perhaps take her hunting and ask her the burning question.

(I was going to make a funny joke here but that would be mean to Fireheart)

But of course, I assume you would already know what the question is, so I don't have to say anything.

I prodded Sandstorm lightly with my nose. "C'mon, get up. It's almost sunhigh."

"Huh- OH SHOOT I'M LATE FOR MY PATROL!" She got up and tried to groom her fur as fast as she could.

I let her continue on for a bit before saying, "Relax, Whitestorm was willing to take your spot. You have the day off."

She looked at me mid-groom. "And you didn't tell me this the second I woke up?"

I shrugged my shoulders, trying not to look guilty. "What? It was funny watching you rush."

She took her paw away from her tongue and cuffed me over the head. "Yeah, don't do that again. I thought Bluestar was going to kill me."

"I mean, she really doesn't seem in the mood for killing anyone..."

It was true. Ever since Tigerclaw betrayed us, Bluestar's mental health seemed to be rapidly decreasing. I do feel bad for her though. She's had to go through three deputies in a pretty short period of time. Bluestar would get mad really easily, refuse to answer some questions, and even gave most of her jobs to me.

"You want to go hunting?" Sandstorm's voice brought me out of my thought process, and I looked over to her.

"Uh, yeah sure. I was going to ask you that, that's why I came in here."

She prodded me, "I know idiot. We can read each other's mind, remember?"

"Oh yeah. I totally knew that."

I didn't show it, but I heard her chuckle, "Furball."

SANDSTORM

No, of course I hadn't read his mind.

I just needed an excuse for asking to go hunting. and I got lucky that he was going to ask me.

But yeah, I won't intrude on other people's thoughts unless I have to or I'm messing around. And I was too tired to mess around.

We padded out of the den, and since Fireheart was the deputy, all he did was tell Brackenfur that he was in charge of the camp until he got back. It was a good choice, as the only other cats that wasn't currently expecting were Darkstripe and Fernpaw, and Bluestar was in no shape to be in charge.

And nobody likes Darkstripe.

We padded out, and Fireheart instinctively went towards the border with the twoleg place.

"You want to hunt over here? But doesn't this place bring you bad memories?"

He shook his head. "Sometimes, but today I want you to meet someone."

I had a feeling of who this cat was, but I wasn't going to ruin the joy of me being surprised for him.

We padded up to a small, brown twoleg den, and Fireheart leapt onto the fence. He looked down, and his expression changed to a happy one when he spotted a brown tabby cat.

"Princess!"

Like I said, a short chapter. Not even 800 words.

HOWEVER!

I needed this one to be short so I can write a bit of a longer one next time.

Well, now that I think about it, I don't really know how long it's going to be.

But now I need a new quiz!!

How do you think the book is going to end?

Remember, The next chapter is not the last one, it's the second to last.

Okay tha's all! Bai Bai!

-Maple Is Ready To Write A New Story

Our moment

Woohoo!

This is the last main storyline chapter, and I'm hoping it'll be pretty long...

But it's not the last chapter, so never fear!

I'm not going to answer the last question, because that'd be stupid.

SOOOOO now we're onto this chapter.

All you fellow FirexSand shippers will like this one.

DustxSand? You won't like it.

And that one person that ships DustxFire?

cough* @Scruffykitties *cough

Good luck continuing on with your life.

There will be another change to the canon stories, as you'll

meet another one of Princess' kits.

Also, I'm sorry! I ran out of cookies.... but I have scones!

|:::|

(Hey Europe, is that a good scone?)

FIREHEART

"Princess!" Princess was sitting calmly in her garden, washing herself and getting a few leaves that were clinging to her fur.

Sandstorm hipped up onto the fence beside me, confused. "Do you two know each other?"

Princess ignored Sandstorm and said, "Fireheart!"

Now Sandstorm was probably really confused.

I was right.

"How do you two know each other?"

I face-pawed. "How could I be so dumb? Princess, this is Sandstorm. Sandstorm, this is my sister Princess."

"YOU HAVE A SISTER?" *Insert girly scream noises*

This was going to be awhile.

After they stopped talking, which was about an hour, I told Sandstorm to wait for me by the forest and that I'd meet her in a second.

"Okay, bye Princess! I'll make sure to visit!"

Princess grinned and waved her tail. "Alright, see you!"

After Sandstorm was a good distance away, I turned to Princess. "So, how have you been?"

"Oh, shut up about that! Is that her?"

I had told Princess a while ago that I liked Sandstorm, and she had never let me go. All 'When can I meet her, when can I meet her' and stuff. It got really annoying, really fast.

"Yeah it is." And, for once, gathering up my courage, I said, "Can you please lay off it for now? I genuinely want to know how you're doing."

She looked guilty. "Oh, sure! You could've just asked."

I rolled my eyes and sat down next to her. "How are all of your other kits doing?"

"Oh, they're all great! Most of them moved out, but my housefolk let one of them stay with me! Do you want to meet her?" I nodded.

Princess trotted into her home, and called, "Ginny! Someone I wanted you to meet is here!"

Ginny? Huh. Nice name.

(For all of you who are wondering, yes, this is based off of Ginny from Harry Potter. No, I did not just read the books. No, she will not get married to a cat named Harry.)

A she-cat that could've been my twin padded out, and froze when she saw me.

"Do I... know you?"

I laughed a padded up to her, rubbing her head with my paw. "Not yet, but you will. Princess, would you like to do introductions?"

"Of course." She turned to Ginny. "Fireheart, this is Ginny. Ginny, this is your Uncle Fireheart." I smiled at the mention of my name.

She turned to me, eyes wide, and said, "You're the one Mom in all the stories about her brother going out into the wild! I have SO many questions! What's it like? Do you kill other cats? Do you sharpen your claws on bones?"

As she continued on, I looked to Princess for help. She gave me a

look that said, 'Your niece. You deal with it.' Meanwhile, she sat back and washed her paw.

That little bi-

"Will you will you will you?"

She probably just asked me to take her into the forest. Yeah... No.

"Sorry Ginny, I can't do that. All of my friends would rip you to shreds, and then make me eat you." A little installment of fear wouldn't hurt, right?

RIGHT?

"Aww c'mooooon. I could totally defend myself!" She jumped onto me, and I skillfully flipped her over so that I was on top.

"I think you underestimate my friends and myself."

She nervously grinned. "Well, maybe a little bit."

I got off of her and stood up, looking over the two cats.

"Well, I gotta go. I'll make sure to bring Cloudtail by sometime to see Ginny."

Princess waved her tail, and shouted after me, "Fireheart! Make your move!"

I rolled my eyes, and continued with Sandstorm back to camp.

TIME SKIP CUZ NO ONE LIKES WALKING. EXCEPT FOR ME. BUT I'M DIFFERENT.

When we got back to camp, Sandstorm immediately went to the Warrior's den, tired. Brindleface came out after she went in, and smiled at me.

As I was heading towards the Medicine Cat's den, this happened:

You really need to make a move on her.

I quickly turned around, and saw Brindleface looking at me.

You-Wha-How?

I taught myself. After seeing Sandstorm able to do it, I figured I should teach myself. I haven't told her though.

I sighed and continued making my way over to the Medicine Cat's den.

I was planning on doing it tonight. Can you make sure she's awake by then?

I got you kiddo.

Brindleface padded over to the nursery, and went inside.

I went into the medicine den to see Cinderpelt sorting herbs.

"Need any help?"

She turned to look at me, and said, "Ha! I doubt you could tell the difference between herbs."

I snorted. "You'd be surprised. Having to take care of Yellowfang for awhile taught me a lot."

The old medicine cat had died in a fire a few moons ago, and Cinderpelt had taken over as medicine cat.

I went over next to Cinderpelt and started looking through the herbs.

Goldenrod, Catmint, Borage, Burdock.

It took us awhile, but it was surely quicker than if Cinderpelt had done it herself.

"Thanks for the help. I'm going to go get some more catmint. Do you want to come?"

I looked outside of the den to see the sun just past its peak, so I turned back to Cinderpelt and said, "Sure, but let's make it quick."

She rolled her eyes. "What, you got a date?"

"Again, you'd be surprised." I smiled and started heading out. "Where are we off to?"

"There's a patch near Snakerocks I'd like to take from." I nodded.

I quickly trotted over to where Mousefur was standing, and told her, "I'm going to get catmint with Cinderpelt. Can you watch over the camp while I'm gone?

She nodded, so I went over to where Cinderpelt was standing, and we headed out of the den.

ANOTHER TIME SKIP CUZ I WANNA GET TO SOMETHING.

"So, who's your date?" Cinderpelt was looking at me as we neared Snakerocks.

"I figured you'd be able to tell."

She looked thoughtful for a moment, and then realized, "Oh! You're finally asking Sandstorm to be your mate! Took you long enough."

We continued on for a little while, Snakerocks just now appearing in our line of vision.

"So, how do you feel about it?"

She shrunk down a little bit, and almost whispered, "Not the best, I mean, I DID have a crush on you, but now that I'm a medicine cat, I know that that's not going to happen. So, therefore, I feel happy for you two!"

She looked at me like I was going to be surprised at how she had a crush on me, but I had known for the longest time.

"Alright, thanks! Now, how do you harvest catmint?"

AREN'T TIME SKIPS JUST SO AWESOME?

As we neared camp, our jaws filled with catmint, I could tell that

the sun was setting. Once the sky turned pink, I would be taking Sandstorm out.

I hope I don't mess this up.

I also hope she doesn't fall.

I ALSO hope she says yes!

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH-

GREAT STARCLAN ABOVE, CALM DOWN FIREHEART!

Brindleface was standing near the Fresh-kill pile, an intense look across her face.

We both know she likes you! Why else would she want to hang out with you so much!

I sighed, knowing she was right.

Now, I'd go into the den and wake her up. I figured it'd be more romantic if you woke her up and then took her out.

I nodded, and padded into the warriors den to see Sandstorm sleeping.

I prodded her side, and whispered in her ear, "Don't groom yourself. Follow me."

With those words I trotted out of the den. It was getting late, so the clearing was mostly empty.

Perfect.

I waited at the exit of the camp for Sandstorm to come out of the Warrior's den. Once she did, I started trotting, waiting for the sound of her paw steps outside of the camp.

The second I did hear them, I started sprinting in the direction of Fourtrees, not planning to stop. My legs were burning, my heart pounding, but this all had to go according to plan to work.

Once I arrived at Fourtrees, I took a quick look behind me to make sure Sandstorm was still following. After a second, she burst out of the trees and started heading towards me.

I dug my claws into the main tree and started climbing, determined to get to the very top.

It took awhile, but after a minute of climbing, I had reached the highest branch, which was luckily just above the leaves of the tree.

Not to long after, a pale-ginger head popped out and sat down next to me.

"Fireheart... This is beautiful."

From the top of the tree you could see most of the territories. There was a Shadowclan patrol, a Windclan warrior chasing down a rabbit, and a few Riverclan cats swimming in their river.

The Highstones were reflecting the sunlight, making them look like a grand gold. And the sunset itself was perfect.

"I brought you up here for a reason, you know."

She turned to me, and started listening.

"Sandstorm, I've put this off for a long time. Always too nervous, never the right moment, but now we're out here alone, and I think I've gathered up all the courage I need.

"Sandstorm, although we may have been the greatest of enemies as apprentices, we were, and still are, the best of friends as Warriors. We've grown out of our hate. Sandstorm, you are the most beautiful cat I've ever met. Since I've gotten to know you, I've seen that you're a caring, amazing cat, and I'd like to ask you...

"Sandstorm, would you be my mate?"

Sandstorm looked like she was about to burst into tears.

"Fireheart... I've liked you from the beginning. Even if I didn't show it when I was mean to you, I always thought you were Handsome,

and possibly a bit too caring. Dustpelt was honestly just a cover so I didn't look like an idiot. But now, since I'm older and more mature I can respond with this....

"Yes, I would love to be your mate. Yes, a Thousand times yes!"

With those words she dug her head into my chest, and started letting the tears flow. My eyes were watering up, but I ignored them, and just laid my head on hers, whispering sweet little nothings into her ears, calming her down. But I honestly didn't need to. This was our moment.

Our perfect, amazing moment.

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH YES!!!!

I'M SO PROUD OF THAT CHAPTER! ESPECIALLY THE ENDING!

And 1750 words! Holy crap! In two hours!

Thank you all SO much for sticking with me! This has been a great experience, and one day, I'm going to look back on this and remember all of you, and the journey this book was.

I can't believe it's over.. It's been nearly a year.

Well, there's still the next chapter, but this is a better definition of "ending".

I cried a bit writing this.

No quiz, but the next chapter will be up soon!

See Y'all

-Maple Loves y'all

The End

The last chapter!

This is honestly kind of like an epilogue, so... don't expect much. 500 words at the most.

This is the answer to the quiz! No one gets a cookie, because there was no correct answer.

Or guesses in general. *cries*

But I WILL give a cookie to @Scruffykitties and Dustpelt... because they be big sad.

Sorry Guys.

(::) (::)

GENERAL POV

The man sat, cross-legged looking at the two in front of him. His pad of notes lay on his lap, nearly forgotten as he listened to the story the two were telling. His glasses lay neatly set on his face, his dirty blond hair combed neatly for the occasion.

He had asked for an interview with the two, and they had quickly excepted.

Everyone around him that he knew thought he was crazy, because he wouldn't be able to understand them.

Oh, how little they knew.

The man had been studying their language for a few years, and he

believed he had become fluent.

Meanwhile, the two sat next to each other in the chair, emerald eyes reflecting in green, and vice versa. Finishing up their story, they turned back to the man, who opened his mouth to speak.

"So, continue on! What happened form there!"

The one on the right, the flame-colored one, responded. "Well, Sandstorm and myself went on to save Skyclan. Then we settled down and had two kits, Squirrelflight and Leafpool. From then on, there was nothing insanely exciting concerning our relationship. Leafpool had kits with a tom from another clan..."

The man's eye twitched.

"And Squirrelflight became mates with my Deputy, Brambleclaw. I died in the Great Battle, and then Sandstorm followed after a few seasons."

"Wait... if you're dead, how are you able to talk with me today?"

The pale one, Sandstorm, responded now. "New Starclan technology. They were able to send us back to the world, but little to no one remembers us. Just a select few."

The man nodded, picked up his notebook, and stood up.

"Well, that's all I needed form you two."

The man started walking towards the exit.

"Wait!" He turned around to see both cats closer to him, standing on the floor. "We can't really go back into the forest... that could cause some major issues. But we would still like to visit there, every now again. We were informed that you had a house close to where the camp is. So... could you possibly take us in?"

Let's just say the man didn't need to be told twice.

On the walk back to the house, as the man lived rather close, Fireheart asked, "You seem to be without the object on your finger,

which I've come to understand as a sign of having a mate. So Mr. Maple, why don't you have a mate yet? You seem to be of age."

Mr. Maple chuckled and scratched Fireheart's head. "Whenever I tell a potential mate that I know how to speak to cats, they freak out and leave me. So I guess I just have yet to find the right one."

Sandstorm piped up now. "Do you have any ideas for a mate?"

"Well, of course I do. But you two keep it quiet, alright? We can't let anyone know."

If only...

I wish I had a cat. They're awesome. Don't get me wrong, I love my dog, but...

Cats.

That's right! This entire story was just me interviewing Fireheart and Sandstorm!

It's now officially done! And Holy cow has it been a long time! Almost a year, as I believed I started this is January.

I don't really have much to say... And there really isn't much to be said...

But don't worry! I will be writing a new series soon... And I need one of you! I will be holding a contest this upcoming weekend, and whoever wins it will be able to be featured in the next story.

To join the contest, join my discord server. I will add it to my bio.

See ya!

-Maple's doin' just fine.

(Also, before this point there was exactly 666 words).